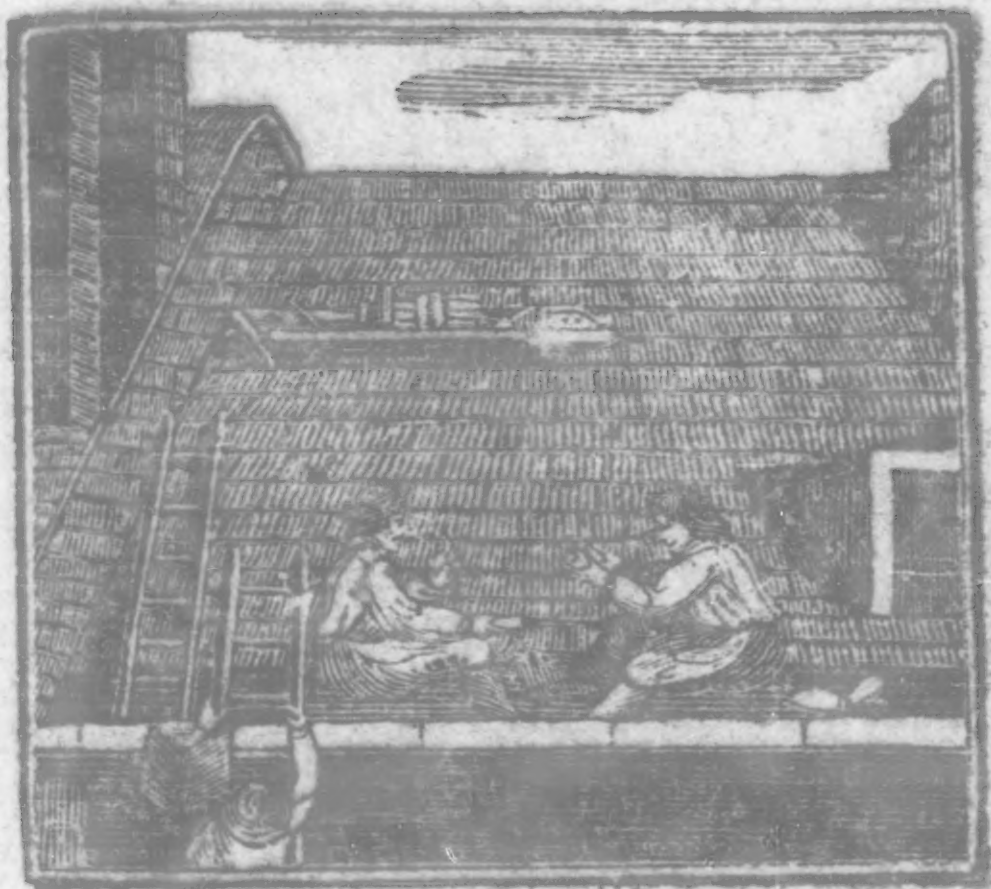


[CHEAP REPOSITORY. Number 27.]

THE  
G A M E S T E R.



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## The G A M E S T E R.

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"CAN'T, for my life, imagine (said Mr. Smith to his opposite neighbour Mr. Tomson, what those fellows can be about the top of my house. They have in these two days employed there in repairing the damage done by the high wind t'other night; a job which I think might have been done in a very few hours." "Step over the way to my garden," said Tomson, "and I will presently explain to you why the job is so long in hand." Smith did so—turned about and look up," said Tomson, "and you will see the two men standing over against each other on the ridge of your house." "Why they are playing at cards!" said Smith—"no wonder my business is so long in doing."

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Away went Smith to the master bricklayer to complain of his men. The master was very angry, as he well might be, and dismissed the idle fellows from his service; and as he made known the story, the men found no one willing to employ them, so they had full leisure for their gaming, and Betsworth lost all his money to Tricket—Betsworth's wife in vain asked him for cash, provisions were scarce, and they lived on short commons several days. On Saturday Betsworth had no wages to receive, nevertheless, he desired his wife would get a bit of meat for a hot Sunday's dinner; "for," said he, "we have lived hardly enough this week, and shall ask my friend Tricket to eat a bit with us." The wife said nothing, but when her husband and Tricket came in to dinner on Sunday, she laid the cloth and set upon the table a dish with a cover. "What hast thou got under the cover, wife?" said Betsworth, "something nice I hope." "As good as could get," said the wife, "had you brought me money you should have had something better." Upon this he liste

up the cover. and behold! the dish con-  
 tained nothing but some dirty old cards  
 scattered about it! "Is this," said Betf-  
 worth, "what you provide for me and  
 my friend?" "It is all that you and  
 your friend have left us," said she, "I  
 have nothing to eat myself, and these  
 are the only tools you work with to pro-  
 vide for my maintenance and your  
 own." "Burn the cards," said Betf-  
 worth, "they have been the ruin of me;  
 forgive me, wife, I deserve a more bit-  
 ter reproof." Tricket, added he,  
 "my poor Molly has served us rightly  
 enough; for my part I am resolved to  
 go to my master to-morrow, confess my  
 fault, and try to get his work again;  
 and I hope God will pardon me for the  
 distress I have brought upon my family  
 by my love of gaming; and that he will  
 mercifully strengthen me to resist every  
 temptation to return to such a horrid  
 practice." Tricket did not relish the  
 best but went surlily out of the house.  
 Betsworth however is said to have taken  
 hint from this little trick of his wife,  
 and, as far as I have heard, he has ne-



ver since been found amongst the Gamesters.

I must now proceed to tell you something more of Tricket, who continued his evil practices, and who is the only one of these two Gamesters whose history I mean to speak of any farther.

Having lost his former gull whom he tried once or twice to draw to another game, by saying that the man wanted spirit. Tricket happened to light upon a second brother Gamester, whom he hoped to drain as he had done Betworth; but either through a sad run of ill luck, or, as I rather think, by his being not a little cheated, he soon lost every farthing of his former Booty and he had nothing now left for him to stake at the next gaming party, except what little he could get by stripping his poor wife of the earnings of her hard labor. She had two children, four and five years of age, for whom as well as herself, she contrived to get bread by taking in washing.



Game. She bore with patience her husband's  
 depending all he got upon his own plea-  
 sures, and leaving her to shift for her-  
 self; but when he came home, and tore  
 from her what she had worked so hard  
 for, she could not help weeping and  
 complaining, though her complaints  
 were mild and far from the language of  
 scolding: but her brutal husband, in-  
 stead of being moved by her tears, only  
 made them a pretence for running from  
 her to the alehouse; "since," as he said,  
 "he could not have comfort at home."

One of the families for which she  
 washed, would often carelessly make her  
 wait a month or two for the payment of  
 her bills: instead of discharging them  
 weekly, when she brought home the  
 linen. This is a cruel inconsideracy,  
 and very contrary to the merciful spirit  
 of the law of God, which forbids to  
 keep back the hire of the labourer. The  
 truth is, persons whose only support is  
 hard labour, can seldom do more than  
 live from hand to mouth, and whilst  
 their pay is kept back by a thoughtless

customer, they are likely enough to be starving for want of it.

It happened that she had just received a washing bill of six weeks standing which she had long been sighing for, and was counting her money, when her husband came home in a terrible humour declared he had not a farthing in the world, and laid his violent hands on this money, every shilling of which he carried off. She screamed after him begging that he would leave her some of it at least, or how could she get bread for her children? But he was quickly out of hearing, and hastily returned to his play-mate, who waited for him at the alehouse. Tricket's cruelty struck his wife to the heart; she sat down in dumb despair, and could not ease her full heart by weeping; the children looked up in her face with terror, and soon began to cry, and tell her they were hungry; this gave a free passage to her tears; she hugged them both to her breast, and told them that they should have all the food their cruel father had left them; she brought out the

remainder of her loaf, and divided it between them; for her part she could swallow none.

By being obliged to trust her customers, she had been reduced to borrow a little money from her landlady, and she owed some rent besides, so that she was ashamed to apply to her again, and she had not fixpence in the world to supply food or to buy soap for her washing. He who *should* assist her was her worst enemy, and, careless of her wants, took from her the fruits of her industry to throw away in gaming and drinking.

This barbarous treatment hurt her the more because, with all his faults, she retained more affection for him than he deserved; and had often cheerfully supplied his extravagance with a share of what she got, when she could do it without starving herself and her children. But now all provisions were so dear that she found it not easy to get necessaries even by working early and late at her laborious business. No money could she get from her husband, and thi



day his antagonist had refused to play with him any longer upon tick; and the alehouse-keeper, at whose house this gaming commonly went on, would draw no more beer without present pay. His character was become so bad, that he could not get employed when necessity would have urged him to work. In this situation he had come home desperate and provoked at his ill-fortune when he found his wife with two guineas and a good deal of silver before her. The sight of this money renewed his hopes, and his eagerness for trying once more to recover his losses. With this only object in view, he flew like a vulture on his prey, and without a thought of the distressful state of those who *should* have been dear to him as his life snatched from them all the means of subsistence. Thus does gaming harden the heart and swallow up every good affection! whilst the hateful passions of avarice and envy are continually fed and strengthened by it!

Poor Mrs. Tricket, cold and fasting put her children to bed, and sat weeping



over them, whilst her husband spent his  
 hours in greedy wishes, hopes, and fears;  
 in rage, in oaths, and curses, over his  
 cards, with the tankard at his side, often  
 drained by the thirsty passion burning in  
 his stomach, and raging in his mind.  
 At past midnight he came staggering  
 home, and found his wife sitting up for  
 him, pale and shivering, and her face  
 swelled with weeping.—“ I thought you  
 had left us for good and all, said she,  
 left us to perish : how *could* you be so  
 barbarous as to rob me of all, and leave  
 me without a penny in the house ? I be-  
 seech you to give me back some of that  
 money, which was all I had in the world,  
 unless you do indeed desire to see me,  
 and your children die with want.” *If*  
 that was your *all* he replied, “ *die you*  
*must* ; for it is every penny gone, and  
 more after it than I shall ever be able  
 to pay.” So saying, he turned his pock-  
 ets inside out, to shew they were perfect-  
 ly empty. At this sight the poor wo-  
 man, whose spirits were before nearly  
 exhausted with grief and fasting, fell into  
 a fainting fit at his feet ; as he had ne-  
 ver seen her so before he thought, she

was dead, and alarmed the house with his cries; though he was much in liquor and his mind almost distracted, yet the idea of having been the cause of her death struck him with horror. The children, awakened by his out-cry, started up, and seeing her on the floor, cried, "Mammy! Mammy!" with all their might.

This dreadful noise awakened both the landlady, who slept above stairs and also a widow lady who lodged on the first floor, but before either of them could run down stairs, Tricket was at their doors, crying in a horrible tone, "My wife! my wife! come to her, you have any pity! I have killed her, help! help! He then ran back, and found her where he had left her, and the two children on the ground with her, kissing her cold hands and face, sobbing and drowning her with their tears. The lady and the landlady reached Tricket's room at the same instant, and looked with amazement on this wretched groupe; whilst the man cried out, "See! see! what I have

"one! I have murdered my wife!"  
 "Sure you could not be such a mon-  
 ster;" said the lady, "how have you  
 murdered her; where is her wound?  
 Help to raise her up, and let us see the  
 hurt." They then lifted her up, and  
 perceived returning life in her.  
 "Where is your hurt my poor dear  
 creature?" said the landlady; "where  
 did that inhuman villain strike you?"  
 The poor woman looked wildly; "what  
 do you mean?" said she, "he did not  
 strike me, though I almost wish he had  
 hit the heart." Her husband now, with  
 the most lively joy and gratitude, thank-  
 ed God that she was alive, and on his  
 knees begged her forgiveness. She as-  
 sured him, as well as her weakness  
 would allow, that she forgave him all.

The good women now hastened to  
 make a fire, and to warm her bed, for  
 they found she shivered violently; when  
 they had put her into it, the lady  
 brought her a glass of warm wine and  
 water, some of which she prevailed on  
 her to swallow. Tricket whose anguish  
 had taken off his intoxication put his



children again into their little beds; he gazed upon them and their mother by turns; whilst his heart was wrung with the sense of their wants and his own wickedness. His wife fell asleep soon after the refreshment she had taken; but in a few hours awoke in a burning fever. Tricket watched by her side; when he felt her hand and head as hot as fire, his fears returned and he ran out of the house to fetch an apothecary; though he recollected that he had nothing to pay for help, or even necessary food for her: however he went into the street, taking a club stick in his hand, and had not gone half way to the apothecaries, when on turning a corner, he saw a gentleman walking alone before him. Tricket at that moment looking round the street saw no creature near. Suddenly it darted into his mind, that he might now get breath for his wife and children, and that he could escape home before any one could detect him, he stooped not for recollection but striking the gentleman with all his force on the back of his head, felled him to the ground, and was rising hi



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pockets, when a watchman, turning  
the same corner Tricket had done, ran  
up, winding his rattle as he ran.

Tricket tried to escape; but the rat-  
tle brought watchmen from so many  
quarters, that he was soon secured;  
whilst some of them conveyed him to  
the round-house, others assisted the gen-  
tlemen to rise; having been only stun-  
ned, he soon recovered his speech, and  
directed the men to lead him to his  
house which was not far off. There  
they asked him whether he was robbed?  
and, on examining his pockets, he found  
that he had lost his watch, and his purse,  
both of which he particularly described.  
The watch he could swear to, if he saw  
it; and he told the colour of the purse,  
and what money it contained, of which  
he gave the watchman a memorandum.  
They then returned to the round-house,  
where, on searching the prisoner, the  
watch and purse were found upon him.  
He would not answer any of their ques-  
tions, but remained in gloomy silence.

When the day was more advanced they carried him before a Justice of the Peace, and gave in their information. Tricket was now obliged to speak; and seeing clearly that he must be convicted, he burst into an agony of grief, and confessed the whole; but he pleaded the distress to which his wife and family were reduced; "which alone," he said, "had led him to this rash action; and he repeatedly observed, that since he was driven to it by *necessity*, he hoped that both his Worship and the Gentleman would let him go: and protested that, till the fatal moment when he saw the Gentleman, and thought he might rescue his wife from death, and his children from starving, he had never entertained a thought of committing such a crime.

In answer to this speech of Tricket the Justice, (who was well acquainted with Tricket's whole character and history) remarked, "that although the crime in question was committed on the sudden, and though it arose out of the man's distress, yet, that distress had been

brought upon him evidently by gaming." "My friend," said he, "you have gone from one step to another, as almost every other person has done, that has been brought before me. First, when you were in a good place you were negligent of your work through *the love of gaming*; and when for this cause you lost your employment, you then took to gambling more desperately than ever, through a *necessity* which you brought upon yourself. Your *necessities* next led you to take from your wife her little earnings, and when you had thus nearly driven her to distraction, then it was that you began to feel for the wants of your wife and children; and thus you were driven by another *necessity* of your own making to rob on the highway for her relief.

I cannot help therefore tracing your crime entirely to your gaming, for it is this which has brought you into temptation; and no man can tell when he has once trespassed, as you have done, to what lengths the Devil at one time or other may suddenly drive him. Instead,



therefore, of excusing yourself, let me advise you to consider how happy for you it is, that the gentleman whom you struck is not killed; for in that case you would have been brought before me, not for the robbery and assault only, but for *murder.*"

Poor Tricket was much affected by these remarks, and did not utter a word more in the way of excuse for his crime; but he begged and prayed the Gentleman, for his dear wife's sake, not to hang him. Upon which the justice interfered, and told Tricket, that "as to the nature of his punishment, that must depend upon circumstances that would appear on the trial;" and he immediately bound the Gentleman over to prosecute.

While this scene was passing at the Justice's, poor Mrs. Tricket was left in a doleful case. She was told by her husband, when he went away, that he was only going to run to the apothecary's, in order to bring some help to her, and that he would be back instantly:



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wo hours passed and she heard nothing  
 of him : she began to suspect something  
 dreadful, and her mind grew so agita-  
 ted, that her brain seemed on fire, and  
 her senses forsook her. It happened  
 that a gentleman who had been present  
 at the Justice's having been drawn thi-  
 ther by the croud called, from motives  
 of humanity, in the course of the day,  
 to inquire into the state of Tricket's fa-  
 mily ; and he was the first person who  
 brought intelligence of the horrible  
 event that had taken place. As Mrs.  
 Tricket was so ill, the only step that  
 could be taken at present, was to bring  
 the apothecary to her ; who, by laying  
 on a blister, and giving her proper me-  
 dicines, abated the fever, and took off  
 the delirium : but as her reason return-  
 ed, her anxiety about her husband re-  
 turned also, and she incessantly begged  
 to know what was become of him. Still  
 it was thought that the dreadful truth  
 must not be told her, lest it should bring  
 back her distraction ; and it was not till  
 three days after, when the apothecary  
 declared her to be much better, that the

sad condition of her husband was revealed to her.

No sooner was this affecting discovery made to Mrs. Tricket, than she grew eager to get out of bed, to go to her husband in the prison; but her weakness made it impossible. It was with great difficulty that she was kept in the house after she was able to rise; and the first moment that she could extort from the apothecary permission to stir out, she put herself into a coach (for she had not strength to walk) and leaving her children in the care of her humane landlady, arrived at the prison. The sight of her threw Tricket into an agony, yet he was glad to see her alive, and by degrees was soothed and comforted by her kindness and affection. She entreated him with many tears to make his peace with God by sincere repentance, and to trust in his mercy for forgiveness. She then through her natural fondness and partiality for her husband, endeavoured to find out some circumstances of mitigation; and particularly remarked, "that since it was his affection for her

and for his starving family, that had put him on this rash action, she hoped that when the trial came on, the Judge would show mercy to him." "Oh! If that could be," said Tricket, "I think I should never again fall into my former vices; but I dare not hope it; the robbery is fully proved, and it is no thanks to me, as his worship very justly observed, that murder was not also the consequence of my villainous action; my trial soon comes on; prepare your mind for the sad sentence, and pray for me that I also may be prepared for a more awful trial after death." She now fell on her knees, and he knelt by her, and both implored forgiveness at the throne of Grace with such feelings of contrition, that they rose up, hoping that their prayers had been heard through the great Saviour of mankind; and their minds now became more calm and more resigned to the event, whatever it might be.

Tricket was convicted at the next assizes on the clearest evidence, and sentenced to death; but some favourable



circumstances in his case were reported to his Majesty, by the Judge, and the sentence was in consequence changed from death to transportation.

The fear of death at first made even Botany Bay appear a deliverance, but when he was to depart thither, bitter indeed, was the affliction of his faithful wife; for since he had appeared a penitent she had become so much endeared to him, that all his past injuries being quite forgotten, his leaving her was worse than death.

She was earnestly desirous to go with him, but finding that she could not be allowed to take her children, she thought it her duty not to forsake them; at least under the present circumstances, nor indeed would he consent to her departure. The excellency of Mrs. Trickett's character was the occasion of raising her up many friends, who furnished her with work, who assisted both in educating and apprenticing her children.

Her mind was restored in some measure to peace and tranquility; and she found that they who faithfully do their own duty and put their trust in God are not forsaken by him, however unhappy they may be in their outward circumstances.

Such is the sad story of poor Tricket the Gamester! Let each reader lay to heart the dreadful consequences of gambling: for, by first bringing a man to want, it will harden his heart even against his most beloved wife and children; and who knows whether it may not also drive him to those criminal acts, for which his very life may be justly forfeited to the laws of his country.

T H E  
**STORY OF SINFUL SALLY**  
**TOLD BY HERSELF.**

SHEWING

How from being SALLY of the GREEN she was  
first led to become SINFUL SALLY and afterwards  
DRUNKEN SAL: and how at last she came to a  
most melancholy, and almost hopeless, End; be-  
ing therein a Warning to all young Women both  
in Town and Country.

**C**OME each maiden lend an ear,  
Country lass and London belle!  
Come and drop a mournful tear  
O'er the tale that I shall tell.

I that ask your tender pity,  
Ruin'd now and all forlorn,  
Once, like you, was young and pretty  
And as cheerful as the morn.

In yon distant cottage sitting,  
Far away from London town,  
Once you might have seen me knitting  
In my simple kersey gown,



Where the little lambkins leap,  
 Where the meadows look so gay,  
 Where the drooping willows weep,  
 Simple fally used to stray.

Then I tasted many a blessing,  
 Then I had an honest fame ;  
 Father, mother, me careffing,  
 Smil'd, and thought me free from blame.

Then amid my friends so dear,  
 Life it speeded fast away ;  
 O, it moves a tender tear,  
 To bethink me of the dry !

From the villages furrounding,  
 Ere I well had reach'd eighteen,  
 Came the modest youths abounding,  
 All to Sally of the Green.

Courting days were thus beginning,  
 And I soon had prov'd a wife ;  
 O! if I had kept from finning,  
 Now how blest had been my life.

Come each maiden lend an ear,  
 Country lasses and London belle!

Come ye now and deign to hear  
How poor Sinful Sally fell.

Where the hill begins inclining,  
Half a furlong from the road,  
O'er the village white and shining,  
Stands Sir William's great abode.

Near his meadow I was tripping,  
Vainly wishing to be seen,  
When Sir William met me skipping,  
And he spoke me on the Green.

Bid me quit my cloak of scarlet,  
Blam'd my simple kersey gown;  
Ey'd me then, so like a varlet,  
Such as live in London town.

With his presents I was loaded,  
And bedeck'd in ribbons gay;  
Thus my ruin was foreboded,  
O, how crafty was his way!

Vanish'd now from cottage lowly,  
My poor parents' heart I break;  
Enter on a state unholy,  
Turn a mistress to a rake.

Now no more by morning light  
 Up to God my voice I raise;  
 Now no shadows of the night  
 Call my thoughts to prayer and praise.

g,  
 de.  
 Mark! a well-known sound I hear!  
 'Tis the Churches Sunday bell;  
 No; I dread to venture near;  
 No; I'm now the child of hell.

ing,  
 .  
 Now I lay my Bible by,  
 Chuse that impious book so new,  
 Above the bold blaspheming lie,  
 And that filthy novel too.

;  
 Next to London town I pass,  
 (Sinful Sally is my name)  
 Here to gain a front of brass,  
 And to glory in my shame.

,  
 k;  
 Powder'd well, and pu'ff'd, and painted,  
 Rivals all I there outshine;  
 With skin so white and heart so tainted,  
 Rolling in my chariot fine.

the Park I glitter daily,  
 Then I dress me for the play,



Then to masquerade so gaily,  
See me, see me tear away.

When I meet some meaner lass,  
Then I tofs with proud disdain;  
Laugh and giggle as I pass,  
Seeming not to know a pain.

Still at every hour of leisure  
Something whispers me within,  
'O! I hate this life of pleasure,  
For it is a life of sin.'

Thus amidst my peals of laughter  
Horror seizes oft my frame:  
Pleasure now—Damnation after,  
And a never-dying flame.

'Save me, save me, Lord,' I cry,  
'Save my soul from Satan's chain!  
Now I see salvation nigh,  
Now I turn to sin again.

Is it then some true repentance  
That I feel for evil done?  
No; 'tis horror of my sentence,  
'Tis the pangs of hell begun.

a thousand ills o'ertaken  
 See me now quite sinking down;  
 All so lost and so forsaken,  
 Sal is cast upon the town.

the dusk of evening grey  
 Forth I step from secret cell;  
 Cramming like a beast of prey,  
 Or some hateful imp of hell.

! how many youths so blooming  
 By my wanton looks I've won;  
 Then by vices all consuming  
 Left them ruin'd and undone!

thus the cruel spider stretches  
 Wide his web for every fly;  
 When each victim that he catches  
 Strait he poisons till he die.

ow more by conscience troubled,  
 Deep I plunge in every sin:  
 True; my sorrows are redoubled,  
 But I drown them all in gin.

me next with front so daring  
 Band of ruffian rogues among;

Fighting, cheating, drinking, swearing  
And the vilest of the throng.

Mark that youngest of the thieves;  
Taught by Sal he ventures further;  
What he filches Sal receives,  
'Tis for Sal he does the murther.

See me then attend my victim  
To the fatal gallows tree;  
Pleas'd to think how I have nick'd him  
Made him swing while I am free.

Jack I laughing see depart,  
While with Dick I drink and sing;  
Soon again I'll fill the cart,  
Make this present lover swing.

But while thus with guilt surprising,  
Sal pursues her bold career,  
See God's dreadful wrath arising,  
And the day of vengeance near!

Fierce disease my body seizes,  
Racking pain afflicts my bones;  
Dread of death my spirit freezes,  
Deep and doleful are my groans.



wearin' re with face so shrunk and spotted  
 On the clay-cold ground I lie ;  
 e how all my flesh is rotted,  
 es ; Stop, O stranger, see me die !  
 ther ;

nscience, as my breath's departing,  
 Plunges too his arrow deep,  
 ith redoubled fury starting  
 Like some giant from his sleep.

k'd hi this pit of ruin lying,  
 free. Once again before I die,  
 inting, trembling, weeping, sighing,  
 Lord, to thee I'll lift mine eye.

sing ;  
 Thou canst save the vilest harlot,  
 Grace, I've heard, is free and full ;  
 ns that once were " red as scarlet,"  
 ing, Thou canst make as " white as wool."

;, viour, whom I pierc'd so often,  
 r ! Deeper still my guilt imprint !  
 et thy mighty Spirit soften  
 This my harden'd heart of flint.

s ;  
 s,  
 uns, ain, alas ! is all my groaning,  
 For I fear the die is cast ;

True, thy blood is all-atoning,  
But my day of grace is past.

Saviour! hear me or I perish!  
None who *lives* is quite undone;  
Still a ray of hope I'll cherish,  
'Till Eternity's begun.

# TRIALS OF VIRTUE.

AC'D on the verge of youth, my mind  
 Life's opening scene survey'd;  
 View'd its ills of various kind,  
 Afflicted and afraid.

But chief my fear the dangers mov'd,  
 That virtue's path inclose:  
 My heart the wise pursuit approv'd;  
 But O, what toils oppose!

Oh see, ah see! while yet her ways  
 With doubtful step I tread,  
 A hostile world its terrors raise  
 Its snares delusive spread,

How shall I, with heart prepar'd,  
 Those terrors learn to meet?  
 How, from the thousand snares to guard  
 My unexperienced feet!

Thus I mus'd oppressive sleep  
 Soft o'er my temples drew  
 Divion's veil.—The wat'ry deep,  
 An object strange and new.



Before me rose ; on the wide shore  
Observant as I stood,  
The gathering storms around me roar  
And heave the boiling flood.

Near and more near the billows rise ;  
Ev'n now my steps they lave ;  
And death to my affrighted eyes  
Approach in every wave.

What hope, or whither to retreat !  
Each nerve at once unstrung ;  
Chill fear had fetter'd fast my feet,  
And chain'd my speechless tongue.

I felt my heart within me die ;  
When sudden to mine ear  
A voice descending from on high,  
Reprov'd my erring fear.

“ What tho' the swelling surge thou  
“ Impatient to devour ;

“ Rest mortal, rest on God's decree,  
“ And thankful own his pow'r.

“ Know, when he bade the deep appe  
“ Thus far,' th' Almighty said,

ore Thus far, nor farther, rage; and here  
Let thy proud waves be stay'd."

heard; and lo! at once controll'd,  
The waves in wild retreat  
rise, check on themselves reluctant roll'd,  
And murm'ring left my feet.

s steps to assembling deeps in vain  
Once more the signal gave:  
at! the shores the rushing weight sustain,  
And check the usurping wave.

et, tongue convinc'd, in nature's volume wise  
The imag'd truth I read:  
d sudden from my waking eyes  
Th' instructive vision fled.

gh, Then why thus heavy, O my soul!  
"Say why, distrustful still,  
thou Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll  
"O'er scenes of future ill?

ecree, 'r. Let faith suppress each rising fear,  
"Each anxious doubt exclude;  
o appe Thy Maker's will has plac'd thee here,  
id, "A Maker wise and good!

“ He to thy ev’ry trial knows  
“ Its just restraint to give ;  
“ Attentive to behold thy woes,  
“ And faithful to relieve.  
“ Then why thus heavy, O my soul !  
“ Say why distrustful still,  
“ Thy thoughts with vain impatience  
“ O’er scenes of future ill ?  
“ Tho’ griefs unnumber’d throng  
“ Still in thy God confide,  
“ Whose finger marks the seas their bound  
“ And curbs the headlong tide.”

### THE END.

✍ Next week will be publish’d The Fall  
Adam,



THE  
FALL OF ADAM.



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## The F A L L, &c.

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HOW very difficult must it be for an unbeliever to give any tolerable account of the first making of the world.

We find ourselves living on this globe of earth, but we none of us know (except so far as the Scriptures teach us) when it was formed, nor at what period of time. Has the earth been from everlasting? That seems impossible, for it could not have made itself. Who made it then? The Scriptures tell us it was made. But at what time? About six thousand years ago, as we may gather from the Bible; and there are many reasons for thinking (though we will



not here dwell on that point) that it is not unlikely to have existed about for such space.

We will now speak briefly of the manner in which the world was made and then proceed to our main subject which is, the formation of Adam and his fall.

"In the beginning," says the Scripture, (that is, in the beginning of the history of our race,) "God created the heavens and the earth, and the earth was without form, and void, (that is, was without regular shape or order) and darkness was on the face of the deep, and the spirit of God moved on the face of the waters. And God said, Let there be light, and there was light; and God called the light, day, and the darkness called he night: and the evening and the morning were the first day."

The world having been thus made and brought into order on the first day, God proceeded on the second to make the firmament, that is, the air or atmo-

re, by which "he divided the waters, which were on the earth, from the very clouds which were above it."

On the third day (the earth having as yet covered over with one universal sea,) the waters were commanded to "gather themselves together into one place, so that the dry land might appear;" and at the same time the trees and herbs were created.

On the fourth day, God made those two great lights; the sun, or the great light, to rule the day, and the moon, the lesser light, to rule the night. He made the stars also."

On the fifth, all those living creatures, which either swim in the sea, or fly in the air, were called into existence.

And on the sixth, the cattle and living things which walk or creep on the earth.

And now, last of all, was made the lord of this wonderful creation.

There was evidently a plan in procedure of the almighty. The earth was first made, and next the animals and then man; just as a house is built and set in order, and then the habitant walks into it.

But let us here take notice of the manner in which the making of man is spoken of. When God made the light he said merely, "Let there be light and there was light." When he made the beasts, he said only, "Let the earth bring forth the living thing after its kind;" but when man was about to be created, the Almighty is represented as saying, "Let us make man in our image and after our likeness;" and it is added, "Let him have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the creeping things of the earth. So God created man in his own image; in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them."



made man. What a being of dignity then is man!  
 He was created in the very image of  
 His Maker, and after his likeness! The  
 powers of thought, of reason, of imagi-  
 nation, and of memory, are wonderful  
 powers; they are possessed by the Crea-  
 ture in their full perfection, and they  
 have been communicated in a suitable  
 degree to man the creature also, though  
 in like manner to the brutes. Let  
 it then be remembered, that all these  
 speak the divine original of man.  
 That remarkable expression, of his  
 being "made in the image of God,"  
 seems also evidently to imply, that man  
 was at first made like to God, in respect  
 of purity and holiness. The devils, no  
 doubt, possess much of those powers of  
 reason and thought, and imagination  
 and memory, which were spoken of;  
 and if man, while he was endowed with  
 these, had been created in a state of  
 wickedness, he might then more proper-  
 ly have been said to be made in the  
 likeness of the devil, than in the holy  
 likeness of his Creator. God then made  
 man upright. When our first forefa-  
 ther came out of his Creator's hands,

he was pure and holy like Him  
made him. "He was created,"  
the apostle expresses it, "after the image  
of God in righteousness and true  
happiness."

Here let my readers stop to con-  
template the pleasing subject of this fair  
creation of God. We read that God  
"looked down on every thing which  
he had made, and behold it was  
good;" that is, every thing answer-  
ing the end for which it was created, and  
every thing was perfect in its kind.  
The earth was not that disordered place  
which since the fall it has become. The  
herbs and the trees yielded freely their  
increase. Blight, and mildew, and  
famine, and scarcity, and poverty, and  
want, were as yet unknown. Death  
had not yet entered with its attendant  
train of sorrows, sicknesses and pains.  
Adam and his partner Eve dwelt peace-  
fully in the garden of Eden, where  
they were employed to cultivate. All  
nature smiled around them, and was  
dressed, no doubt, in its most beautiful  
attire. Every thing was exactly suited  
to afford them happiness; and this

red pair, without undue selfishness, without anxiety or distrust, and without murmur or complaint, enjoyed the good which God had given them, and lived in favor with their Maker.

But we have now to describe a most melancholy change in their condition. God had pleased the all-wise creator, when he made man, to appoint a certain trial for him, which was meant to serve, without doubt, as a test of his love and obedience. His trial consisted in his being forbidden to eat of one tree standing in the middle of the garden of Eden, which was called, the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, while the fruit of all the rest of the trees might be freely eaten.

We have all of us our trials somewhat in the same manner now; thus, in one instance, we may eat the food which is our own, and which is wholesome for us; we may take the rest which is necessary to refresh the body; we may indulge our natural affections and inclinations in the manner which God has



ordained ; but then we must not carry any thing to excess ; and there are a number of things which we must in no case do. Oh ! let us remember when we see some forbidden pleasure within our reach, that we are not to touch it but that it is placed there for the trial of our faith, just as the tree of the knowledge of good and evil was placed within the sight of Adam's eye, and within the reach of his arm.

“ And God said to Adam, in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.”

The Scriptures proceed to tell us that Eve was first tempted by the serpent, (namely by the devil, as is commonly supposed) who said to her in direct contradiction to God, that if she and her husband should eat of the forbidden fruit, “ they should not die, but should become as gods, knowing good and evil.”—“ She then seeing that the fruit was fair, and much to be desired, to make one wise, gathered some of it and gave it to her husband which he

Oh! wretched Adam, how art thou now fallen! thou hast believed the enemy of God, instead of God himself, being tempted to this crime by her who was made to be a help-meet for thee! how is thy gold become dross, and thine honor laid in the dust, and, thy glory departed from thee!

Adam by this act, renounced his allegiance to God, and broke the condition on which the favor of his Maker had been suspended; and therefore, the curse which had been threatened remained now to be executed—"in the day that thou eatest thereof, it has been said, thou shalt surely die." Those words must necessarily be understood to imply, that he should forfeit his natural life, and be deprived of that happy state of existence, which, while obedient, he was intitled to enjoy; and that instead of this, he should come under the curse of God. Here also the New Testament comes in aid, and teaches us that "sin having thus entered the world, and death by sin, death in this manner passed upon all men, for that all have sin-

ned; and that through this one man, judgment came upon all men to condemnation."

Thus did Adam fall; by aiming to be as God, he lost even his former rank as man, and by wickedly listening to the temptation of the devil, he appears to have become a sharer in his guilt, and consequently also in his condemnation.

Soon after this event, our first parents are described as ashamed to meet the eye of God when he appeared to them, as he was wont to do, in the garden; they hid themselves among the trees and said that they had felt ashamed because they were naked. Sin and shame, it may be remarked, entered into the world together.

"And the Lord God said, Hast thou eaten of the tree whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldst not eat? And the man said, the woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat."



It seems as if Adam, by this expression, meant partly to cast the blame on God who had given him the woman that had proved his tempter, and he certainly casts the blame partly on Eve, while she in the same self-justifying spirit, replies to God, when he charges her with the guilt. "The serpent beguiled me and I did eat."

Our first parents, as we may plainly see, were now become poor guilty sinners; they were disposed to palliate and justify their crime, and thus to add sin to sin, just as is the way with all wicked people now. They also became, after this time, full of the dread of God, instead of the love of Him, and disposed to say to Him, as Peter did to our Saviour when first called to by him, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, Oh Lord."

God immediately proceeds to pronounce the following curse on them, "Unto the woman he said, I will greatly multiply thy sorrow, and thy conception; in sorrow shalt thou bring forth

children, and thy desire shalt be to thy wife, and she shall be to thee as thou art to the Lord; and he shall rule over thee as he rules over the church, and she shall be to him as the church is to Christ. —“ And unto Adam he said, Because thou hast hearkened to the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldst not eat, cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life; thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee, and thou shalt eat the herb of the field. In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken, for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return. —“ And the Lord sent him forth from the land of Eden to till the ground from whence he was taken. So he drove out the man, and he placed at the East of the garden of Eden, cherubims and a flaming sword, which turned every way to keep the way of the tree of life.”

Such is the history of the fall; and how has iniquity ever since prevailed in the world. Cain, the first born of Adam, became the murderer of his brother. The whole earth is said, pre-

to the gently after, to have been " filled with  
 thee violence." " God looked down on the  
 Because children of men, to see if there were a-  
 of thy that were righteous, but all flesh had  
 where corrupted his way before the Lord, and  
 should every imagination of man's heart was  
 for the only evil continually; infomuch that the  
 F it almighty is said (speaking after the man-  
 so an er of men) to have grieved him at his  
 e, an heart, and to have repented that he had  
 d. I made man."

After bearing with the rebellious off-  
 or du pring of Adam for about two thou-  
 turn, and years, it pleased God to drown  
 om the world with a flood, the family  
 from of Noah alone being excepted, who  
 ve ou was found righteous. The great cities  
 East of Sodom and Gomorrah were, after  
 and this, destroyed for their wickedness; and  
 y wa so were Tyre and Sidon in still later  
 times.

nd C In order that true religion might be  
 vaile maintained, at least among one people,  
 n for God separated to himself the single nati-  
 of his on of the Jews, and made a covenant



with them, and gave them his laws, and wrought many miracles among them. But so corrupt is every where the nature of man, that even the Jews provoked him to wrath, and proved rebellious and unbelieving.

At length it pleased God, in his infinite mercy, to send into this lost and ruined world, his Son Jesus Christ, whom he had foretold he would do, even at the very time of the fall of Adam, for when that curse which has been already spoken of, was denounced, God who, in the midst of judgment, remembers mercy, was pleased to declare, that "the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head;" a promise which implied, that one sprung from the woman should come to destroy the power of the serpent, or evil spirit, and triumph over him.

The Jews had become so wicked, at the time of Christ, that instead of welcoming him as their Saviour, they even put him to death. Having thus filled up the measure of their iniquities, their

city was taken, and trodden down of the Gentiles, their people were led captive, or destroyed, and they have become a by-word and a proverb among the nations unto this day, as had been foretold.

But have then the other nations of the world been better than the Jews? no, the heathens around them were so wicked and abominable, that the Jews were ordered to cut them off. And even since the publishing of Christianity in the world, how has wickedness prevailed! Read whatever history you will, you will read an account of little else than the vices and follies of our race. What a wicked world is it that we live in at this hour! How different from that peaceful, happy paradise, which was just now described! Well may it be said, that "the thorn and the thistle have grown up in it." Every where, alas! we see proofs of the fall! for what are all the present wars among nations, together with the bloody revolutions which take place in states; what are all the conflicts for power among the great, and all the

complaining and repining among the sons of low degree; what are the feuds and quarrels in private families; what the malice and evil speaking, the fraud and lying, the impurity and the drunkenness, the irreligion and prophaneness as well as the corruption even of Christianity itself—what are all these but so many consequences of the fall of Adam and so many proofs of that corrupt nature which has descended to all his children.

And as the world has become sinful no wonder that it has become miserable also. It is distressed, at this day with so many evils, because it has so much that is offensive to God in it. It is one part of his appointment, that men's own evil passions shall be a plague both to themselves and to each other. Death also has been sent into the world; for ever since the days of Adam, that sentence has been executing, "Dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return." And what sorrows and diseases have been brought in together with death! What pangs of the dying, what afflictions



g then for the surviving friends! And  
 feud above all, what terrors of conscience,  
 what and what a melancholy foreboding of a  
 fraud of future judgment afflict our guilt-  
 drunk race!

Christ The story we have now told of the  
 out fall of man, and of the corruption  
 Adam which has followed from it, stands in  
 the first pages of our Bible; it leads the  
 child way to all Christian truth, and without  
 all our other religious knowledge will  
 be of little use. But how shall we ever  
 learn the necessity of any change in our  
 character and condition, unless we first  
 know, that the natural state in which  
 we find ourselves, as children of Adam,  
 is altogether fallen and corrupt. "They  
 that are whole," says our Saviour, "need  
 not a physician; but they that are sick."  
 "I come not to call the righteous,  
 but sinners to repentance."  
 We must know that we are sinners, or  
 we shall never repent and receive the  
 gospel; just as a man must know that he  
 is sick, or he will never go to the physi-  
 cian for his cure. "We must be born

again:”—we have “an old man” within us, which must be put off; and we must put on that “new man, which after God, is created in righteousness and true holiness.”

I know that many are not aware, that there is this natural corruption in them; but the reason of it is, that they have not examined carefully the scriptures, nor observed sufficiently the evil that is in the world, whose fashions, probably they follow, nor looked strictly into their own hearts. Such persons, in whom there is no just discernment of right and wrong, and are far from judging every thing to be evil which God judges to be so. I say, therefore, let these people study the scriptures. Other books vainly flatter over the sins of men, and flatter the world that it is better than it is; for the writers of them partake in the common blindness and corruption: but the scriptures, which are the word of God, and which were written by men who were moved by the Holy Ghost alone, speak the truth. The scriptures give the true picture.—They relate the

with history of the world, and the history they give, is little else than the history of that controversy, which God has had with man ever since the fall of our first parent. Nay, the Bible, even in describing the best of men, describes them as acknowledging their own natural corruption, and as saying, with one voice, that they were "born in sin, and shapen in iniquity," and that they "were by nature children of wrath, even as others."

But above all, let those, who are not aware of the corruption of their own nature, study the law of God. Let them examine themselves by each of the ten commandments, explained as our Saviour has taught us to explain them, and as will be made to appear in some of the following tracts. The study of the law of God will not fail, unless we are wilfully blind, to teach us the same lesson which the fall of Adam, and which the history of the world, both ancient and modern, unite to teach us; I mean the sinfulness of our present nature, and the necessity which thence



arises for that redemption, which has been provided for us by Jesus Christ our Lord. For let no one complain, that the doctrine of the fall is gloomy and uncomfortable; Christ has taken away the gloom of it through the lively hopes, and through all the means of grace which he sets before us in his gospel; for Christ is the second Adam. As Adam brought upon us the curse, so Christ has come down to us with the blessing; and "as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."—The first man was from the earth earthly, the second was the Lord from heaven;" and, therefore if we are Christians, we may joyfully say, that "as we have borne the image of the earthly, so also shall we bear the image of the heavenly."

In all our religious inquiries, let us therefore, be sure that we take this knowledge of the fall for our foundation, and then we shall proceed safely and build securely; whereas, they who set out in religion with the vain notion of the natural goodness of their hearts, do

h has out deceive themselves with a false phi-  
 ist our osophy, and indulge their own pleasing  
 at the dreams in defiance both of scripture  
 and un and of experience.

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# BOOK of MARTYRS.

A N

## ACCOUNT of HOLY MEN

WHO DIED FOR THE  
CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

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### BISHOP RIDLEY.

**H**E was born in Northumberland, and became Master of Pembroke Hall. He was converted to our religion by reading a famous Book on the Sacrament, and confirmed in his belief by a conversation he had with the pious Bishop Cranmer. The good King Edward the sixth made him Bishop of London. In the beginning of bloody Queen Mary's reign, he was among the first who for the faith of the Gospel was imprisoned in the Tower: from whence he was sent to *Oxford* with his two dear and good friends Archbishop Cranmer



S. Bishop *Latimer*, and there kept  
 them in the common goal; till af-  
 some time being separated from  
 m, he was committed to the custody  
 one *Irish* with whom he remained  
 IEN the day of his martyrdom.

In a letter of his to Bishop *Latimer*  
 prison, is the following passage—*I*  
*ay you, good Father, let me have*  
*omething more from you to comfort me;*  
*r except the Lord assist me in his ser-*  
*ce, I shall play but a very poor part;*  
*t he can make a coward, in his cause,*  
*fight like a man."*

In a letter to another friend he wrote  
 us—*As far as London is from Ox-*  
*ord, yet thence we have received both*  
*eat, money and shirts, not only from*  
*ur acquaintance, but from some stran-*  
*ers also. I know for whose sake they*  
*do it.*

Again he wrote—*Ever since I heard*  
*f our dear Brother Roger's stout con-*  
*ession and departing; blessed be God for*  
*! I have never felt any heaviness in*

my heart as sometimes I did before. Blessed be God notwithstanding our hindrances and restraints, and the evil reports raised of us we are joyful in God: and all our care is, and shall be, by God's grace to please and serve him; from him we expect, after these short and momentary miseries, to have eternal joy and perpetual felicity with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.

“As yet never a learned man, scholar or other hath visited us since our coming here, but I dare say every one is well contented with his portion which is our heavenly father's good and gracious gift. Farewell.—We shall, by the grace of God, one day meet, and be happy together: which day assuredly approaches. God grant it may shortly come.”

The night before he suffered, he had his beard shaved, and his feet washed, and invited Mrs. Irish, his landlady and the others about him to his wedding. By which this good man meant his entrance on everlasting glory. Mrs

before on this falling into tears, he said,  
 O Mrs. Irish, I see now that you  
 raise me not; for in that you weep, it  
 appears that you will not be at my  
 marriage, nor are therewith content. I  
 know you are not, so much my friend as I  
 thought. But quiet yourself. Though  
 my breakfast be somewhat sharp and  
 painful, yet I am sure my supper shall  
 be more pleasant."

His brother offering to sit up with him,  
 he would not suffer any such thing, but  
 said—"I intend to go to bed, and sleep  
 as quietly as ever I did in my life.  
 Such a calmness did this holy man's  
 faith give him. The next morning he  
 came out dressed in a black gown, and  
 looking behind him he saw his dear and  
 godly friend, Bishop Latimer coming  
 forward, on which he said to him,—“O,  
 are you there?” Yea said Latimer, com-  
 ing after as fast as I can follow.

Being come to the stake, he lift up his  
 eyes and hands towards heaven; and  
 then with a cheerful countenance, he  
 ran to Bishop Latimer, and said, em-



bracing and kissing him—"Be of good heart Brother, for God will either assuage the violence of the flame, or give us strength to bear it." To which Latimer replied with an amiable countenance, in which was the very picture of comfort—"God is faithful, who will not suffer us to be tempted above that which we are able." When the fire was brought, he added, "Be of good comfort, Brother, and play the man ; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England as I trust shall never be put out." And so it has hitherto proved, and will I trust prove so to the end.

Ridley then turning to the stake and kissing it, prayed fervently. After which setting himself to speak to the spectators, some persons ran to him and stopped his mouth with their hands, barbarously refusing to let this holy man utter a few parting words. Being afterwards stripped, he stood on a stone near the stake, and offered up the following prayer :—"O heavenly Father, I give thee hearty thanks, for that thou

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ast called me to be a professor of thee,  
ven unto death, I beseech thee, Lord  
od, have mercy on this kingdom of  
ngland, and deliver it from all its  
emies."

As a smith was knocking in the staple  
which held the chain that was to fasten  
him to the stake, he said to him—" Good  
ellow ! knock it in hard, for the flesh  
will have its course ;" and when he  
aw the flame approaching him, he cri-  
d with a loud voice—" Into thy hands,  
O Lord, I commend my spirit,—Lord,  
receive my soul."

Thus perished in the flames this holy  
Martyr, leaving behind him a glorious  
testimony to the truth of the Gospel,  
and memorable instance of the power  
of the grace of God in supporting his  
true and faithful servants, not only  
through all the trials and troubles of  
his mortal life, but in the most unjust,  
rue, and abominable death.

## H I S T O R Y

OF

*Mr, GEORGE WISHEART,*

ANOTHER MARTYR.

**H**E was born in *Scotland*, about the same time with Bishop *Ridley*, and brought up at a grammar school, from whence he went to the university : after which he travelled into several counties and at last came to *Cambridge*, where he was admitted into Bennet college. In many places of *Scotland* through which he preached, many proofs of the power of his preaching, which had wrought such a change in the lives and conversion of numbers of people, were brought to him, and though he was hotly persecuted every where by the wicked popish Cardinal *Beton*, he still continued to teach the truth in public, and persevered



— n going about, like his blessed Master,  
 to do good. He was at length apprehend-  
 ed by Earl Bothwell, and at the desire of  
 Queen Mary, by him delivered up to be  
 the subject of this bloody man's cruelty  
 and revenge. When he was going to  
 the place of execution two men met him  
 to make him pray in their false way.  
 To whom he meekly said—"Cease, tempt  
 me not, I entreat you," and so with a  
 rope about his neck, and a chain about  
 his middle, he was led to the stake, where  
 falling on his knees he thrice repeated  
 the following words. "O, thou Saviour  
 of the world, have mercy upon me. Fa-  
 ther of heaven, I commend my spirit  
 unto thy holy hands." Then turning to  
 the people, he said—"Christian brothers  
 and sisters, I beseech you be not offend-  
 ed at the word of God, for the torments  
 which you see prepared for me. I exhort  
 you that you love the word of God for  
 your salvation, and suffer patiently and  
 with a comfortable heart: for the Bible's  
 sake, which is your undoubted salvation,  
 and everlasting comfort. I pray you al-  
 so, shew my brothers and sisters, who  
 have often heard me preach, that they

cease not to learn the word of God, which I taught them, according to the measure of grace given me; for no persecution or trouble in this world ought to move us, or stagger our faith; and shew them the doctrine we preach is no old fable, but the truth of God; for if I had taught men's doctrines, I had had greater thanks from men; but for the word of God's sake I now suffer, not sorrowfully, but with a glad heart and mind. For this cause was I sent into the world, that I should suffer this fire for Christ's sake. Behold my face, I hope you will not see me change my countenance, I fear not the fire. If persecution come to you for the Bible's sake, I pray you fear not them that kill the body. He then prayed for them that accused him, saying—*I beseech thee Father of Heaven, forgive them that have in ignorance, or of any evil mind, forged this of me: I forgive them with all my heart. I beseech God to forgive them that have condemned me this day ignorantly.*

Turning to the people, he said,—*I beseech you, brethren, to learn the word of*

God, that you may be ashamed to do evil,  
and learn to do good, or else there shall  
come upon you the wrath of God which  
you will not be able to escape.

Then the executioner falling upon  
his knees, said, *Sir, I pray you forgive  
me, for I am not the cause of your death:*  
and he calling him to him, kissed his  
cheeks, saying,—*Lo! here is a token  
that I forgive thee, my friend, do thine  
office.*

And so he was tied to the stake, and  
the fire kindled.—The Captain of the  
Castle going near him, bade him be of  
good courage, and prayed him to beg for  
him the pardon of his sins: to whom  
Mr. Wisheart said,—*This fire torments  
my body, but no whit abates my spirits.*  
Then looking towards the wicked Car-  
dinal Beton, who was at a high window,  
casting his eyes on the execution, he  
said, *He who in high state, from that  
high place, feeds his eyes with my  
torments, within a few days, may possibly  
be hanged out at the same window, to be  
seen with as much ignominy, as he now*



*leans there with pride*, which came exactly to pass. And then his breath being stopped, he was consumed by the fire.

To his surviving friends, a little before his departure, almost in the spirit of prophecy, he said, "God shall send you comfort after me. This kingdom shall be, I trust, illuminated with the light of the Gospel, as clearly as any kingdom since the days of the Apostles. The house of God shall be built in it; yea it shall not lack, in despite of all enemies, the topstone; neither, I hope, will it be long before this be accomplished. Many shall not suffer after me before the glory of God, I trust, shall appear and triumph in despite of Satan; but, alas! if the people should prove unthankful then let them beware that fearful and terrible troubles may not follow."—An ungrateful return for signal mercies and favours will always bring any nation in to great danger, and expose it to the fearful judgments of Almighty God.

## THE MARTYR'S HYMN.

[shine?

THESE glorious minds how bright they  
Whence all their white array?  
How came they to the happy seats  
Of everlasting day?

How tort'ring pain to endless joys  
On fiery wheels they rode, [white  
And strangely wash'd their garments  
In JESUS' dying blood.


How they approach a spotless God,  
And bow before his throne,  
Their warb'ling harps and sacred songs  
Adore the Holy One.

How he unveil'd glories of his face  
Amongst his saints reside,  
From the rich treasures of his grace  
Are all their wants supplied.

Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls  
And hunger flee as fast ;  
The fruit of life's immortal tree,  
Shall be their sweet repast.

Our God shall lead his heavenly flock  
Where living fountains rise,  
His love divine shall wipe away  
The sorrows of their eyes.



 Next week will be publish'd The Life  
WILLIAM BAKER.

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Life

THE

# LIFE of WILLIAM BAKER.



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1800.

[Price 4 Cents.]

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## The LIFE &c.

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**W**ILLIAM BAKER was born in the year 1710, in the parish Boldre, near Lymington, in Hampshire. His father dying when he was 10 years old, left him and a sister to the care of his widow; who by taking in washing, maintained her two children without any relief from the parish.—In these days such industry could exceed belief.

At seven years of age young Baker began that life of labour, which he continued through the space of seventy years afterwards. He worked first for a penny a day in the vicarage-garden; but soon thought himself equal to more profitable labour. He used to say, he al-



ways considered himself as a poor friendless lad; and from the beginning depended only on himself.

In the mean time his mother grew old, and infirm. Her legs swelled and she could no longer stand at her wash tub. But nothing hurt her like the thoughts of going to the poor-house, and living on alms.

Her son was now about eighteen. He was healthy and strong; and assured his mother, that while he was able to work for her, she should be obliged to nobody. He took a little cottage therefore on the edge of the forest; and carried her to it and got into the service of a farmer in the neighbourhood, as a day labourer. His mother lived nine years after this during which time he maintained her with great cheerfulness, and kindness nor had she ever assistance from any other person. He denied himself every little indulgence, which young fellows of that age often take, that he might maintain his mother.—We do not often see such an instance of good

poor  
innin  
efs in a poor lad. It marked his cha-  
cter as something uncommon. He  
might, if he had pleased, had her  
maintained by the parish.

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good  
About the time of his mother's death  
he thought of marrying. At a little dis-  
tance from him, under the hill, lived a  
labourer of the name of Brooks. His  
daughter Joanna was the person whom  
he fixed on for a wife; and no ob-  
jection being made, he married her,  
and brought her to his cottage. Joan-  
na had lived under a careful mother,  
most in the way to which he himself had  
always lived; and with the same notions  
of industry and frugality. She entered  
therefore into all her husband's inten-  
tions. What he gained, she put to the  
best use. *We both pulled the rope,* he  
used to say, *by the same end; and so we*  
*accomplished many things which they can-*  
*not do, who pull it at different ends.*

In the mean time his family increa-  
sed; and his industry increased with it.  
He now never worked *by the day*, if he  
could help it; but took the hardest task-

*work* he could get, by which the money was to be earned.—And that he might *never* be idle, he took, at a small rent, of Mrs. John Burrard, of Lyminster, a piece of rough ground, about nine or ten acres, on which he might employ his leisure. Many a time he was seen working in it before sunrise; and if his day's work had not been hard, in an evening by moon-light. In a few years he made it worth much more, than when he took it; and he found it of great use to his family in furnishing him sometimes with a crop of potatoes—or a little corn—or a few loads of hay; which enabled him to keep two or three cows, and as many forest-colts.—Some years after, his good land-lady died; and this piece of land fell into the hands of Mr. Brailsford of Kentish-town: who finding it well tenanted by a man, who had taken much pains to improve it, promised neither to raise his rent, nor to take from him; which I mention to his honour.—Thus a kind of providence blessed all Baker's designs; and he was richer, than many a man who is born to that



the means. There are few men who may  
 that live comfortably, if they live ac-  
 t a manner *according to their station* : and if they do  
 Lymin, the highest stations will not secure  
 l, about them from difficulties. I have often  
 re mightard Baker say he never knew what  
 time want was : but then he never relaxed  
 re from usual frugality. When wheat was  
 not been dear, to make all ends meet he  
 ght. Lived on barley ; and when he could  
 h much not compass a bushel of malt he con-  
 and contented himself with milk, or water.

He had now five children, who were  
 or a few constant claim upon all his industry,  
 him to frugality. But he had other claims.  
 s man he had been kind to his sister, tho' her  
 his good behaviour did not entirely please him :  
 of land and he was now called on from a quar-  
 tilsfield, he did not expect. His wife's fa-  
 it was, grown old, applied to him for  
 taken assistance. Of this man he never had a  
 promise high opinion ; but for his mother-in-  
 take now he had always the greatest esteem.  
 his house *he was as good a woman*, he used to  
 ce blessing, *as his wife* ; and he could not  
 as rich *as more for any woman on earth*. How-  
 to thought, tho' he could not pretend, with

the incumbrance of so large a family, maintain them entirely, he agreed with the overseers of the parish, that if they would pay them a shilling a week, he would do the rest. Accordingly he built them a little cottage; and was kind to them as he could. Soon after on the old man's death, he took his mother-in-law into his house, and kept her till she died; tho' she lived till she was upwards of ninety; and was blind many years.

About the time, that his children were pretty well grown up, a fortunate circumstance happened. He received a legacy of seventy pounds, and a clock. This money came very happily to settle some of his children. *Though he had it all, he said, among them: he never had a belly full out of it himself.* The clock alone he kept. A clock was the only piece of furniture he ever coveted; and he always intended, if it should be in his power, to have purchased one: tho' it is probable, if the clock had not been thus thrown in his way, he would always have found

family, something more useful for the employ-  
ment of his money.

Nor was he kind only to his relations, as he got forward in the world, he was very friendly among his neighbours; and lent them many a little sum to assist them in their distresses. But as he was a very shrewd, intelligent man, he lent only where he saw his money could be of use; so the spendthrift he would lend nothing: nor to any man, who frequented an ale-house. So judicious was he in these loans, that although he helped many a man out of a difficulty, I have heard him say, he never lost a farthing by lending money in his life. Often indeed he received the worth of what he had lent, in a little corn, a pig, a calf, or something that was more convenient for the borrower to pay with, than money.

He was now advancing into years, and his good Joanna began to feel the effects of age more than he did. Her ailment was a mere decay of nature: but she was so entirely weakened, that



she could do nothing for herself. Her husband hired a woman into the house to attend her near seven years, in which she continued in this helpless state. Every thing he could do, he did for a woman, *who*, he said, *had been kinder to every body than herself*. In the year 1776 she died; and left him greatly afflicted for the loss of a faithful friend, who had followed close by his side, through all his laborious life, for the space of forty years. I have seen him speak of her with tears in his eyes, and agitation in all he said, at the age of eighty.

He had now the world, in a manner to begin again. His children were all married, or dispersed: and he had nobody with him, on whose arm he could lean in descending the hill. He thought the wisest thing he could do, was to draw his little matters into as small a compass as he could; and rid himself, as much as possible, of the cares of this world. Accordingly he sold his cows, and horses, and a little tenement or two, which he had purchased, and

Her friend brought one hundred and ten pounds to a  
 house friend to put to some use. *For as I*  
*cannot now*, said he, *work myself, I must*  
*make my money*, as he phrased it *work*  
*for me*. His friend made him under-  
 stand, as well as he could, what was  
 meant by the funds; and advised him  
 to put his money into consolidated an-  
 nuities for twenty eight years from Ja-  
 nuary 1780. As this transaction was  
 in the year 1782, when the funds were  
 low, he was made to understand, that  
 the interest would be considerable (about  
 eight pounds a year) but that the whole  
 would be lost, if he should live twenty-  
 eight years. However, as he did not look  
 forward to that time, he took his friend's  
 advice. Besides this property, he had  
 two or three other little sums put out to  
 interest in private hands; and a little  
 annuity, which he reserved for him-  
 self to live in; with two or three patch-  
 es of ground, which lay near him, and  
 served to employ him.

He had a good opinion of the charita-  
 ble societies, or *clubs*, as they are called,  
 and in the several parishes around him: but

he thought them useful chiefly to those who could not depend upon themselves. If young fellows could depend on themselves, and lay the same money by without breaking into it, he thought it might generally be more useful to them. Four-pence a week would amount to near a pound in the year. At harvest some little matter might be added to it. And if this practice were begun in early life, in a few years it might amount to a comfortable support in sickness or old age. *But few young fellows, he said, looked forward to those times. They never thought of more than living from hand to mouth.*

His manner *now* of spending his time, was somewhat different from what it used to be. He worked only a little every morning in his grounds; or in his garden; or in procuring fuel. The rest of his time he spent in reading and in devotion. He had always been a serious man; but a busy life had never allowed him much time for any thing but business. He had now gotten above the world—had his time much to him-



self—and spent a great part of it in  
 reading the Bible, which was the only  
 book he did read. He had the use of  
 his eyes to the last; and generally,  
 though by himself, read out; which he  
 thought made the more impression on  
 his memory. Oftener than once, as I  
 have approached his lonely cottage, I  
 have thought I heard voices: but when  
 I entered, the old man was sitting alone,  
 with his bible before him. He had as  
 strong natural parts as I almost ever  
 met with; and easily understood not  
 only the general meaning, and intenti-  
 on of the gospel; but many of the most  
 difficult passages in it. What our Sa-  
 viour said, he thought, was very easy;  
 and much of what St. Paul said. And  
 he told me had a very good book of  
 prayers, in his phrase, *for all intents*  
*and purposes.*

As he grew more, and more infirm,  
 his friends thought it comfortless for  
 him to live entirely by himself; and en-  
 deavoured to persuade him to get some  
 good old woman to live with him; who  
 might take care of his house, and like-

wife of him, if any thing should ail him. *Aye*, said he, *if I could get some good old woman: but where is she to be found*. He had tried the experiment, he said, but had no encouragement to try again. People would not, he added, live now as he lived. Perhaps he had bad luck in his choice; but he found that a woman now would spend as much in junketting in one day, as would serve him for two. Then, he said, there was such constant gossiping, and noise in the house, that he could never have his time at his own disposal. In short, he was obliged to live as they chose, not as he chose himself. Then fetching a deep sigh, he would say, *His good Joanna had spoiled him for living with any other woman.*

It was then proposed to him to live with one of his daughters, who was married in the neighbourhood.—He had thought of that, he said: but an old man was always giving offence to one or another; and one or another was always giving offence to him. Besides, he said his daughter had several children

and so much noise did not suit his way of living. He could now, at his own ease follow his own inclination. In short, it appeared, that while he lived, he wished to live entirely to himself; and that he was very indifferent to him, when, and where, and how he died.

The destitute condition however in which he lived laid him open to the depredations of a dishonest neighbourhood. Many little thefts, when he was watched out of his house, were committed. Among other things his pewter-flaggon was stolen. It hung over his dresser, and contained all his little securities, and promissory notes. He had however, with his usual sagacity, placed his money in such safe hands, that he had on this occasion no loss.

But among the petty thefts, which were committed in his house, was a robbery of a very serious nature. On the day before Lymington fair the old man had received some interest money (about five guineas) to purchase a few necessaries. This being probably



known, two men at midnight broke in to his house. His fastening indeed was only such as a good shake might easily dislodge. They soon entered; and one of them pressing a bolster over his face, pinned him down with his knee; while the other sought for the money, which was presently found. I heard him speak of the transaction next day; and his behaviour raised him in my opinion. He spoke with the caution of an honest man. The thieves had a dark lantern, he said, with them; and he thought he could swear to one of them; but he durst not venture it, where a man's life and character were concerned.

From several circumstances however it became more probable, that the man, whom Baker suspected, was guilty. And indeed he himself soon after confirmed the suspicion: for as the neighbours began more to talk of the thing, and to lay facts together, he thought it prudent to leave the country.—Indeed if wicked men would only consider beforehand the many circumstances that lead to discovery; and the impossibility of

ke in- providing against them all, they would  
 ed was be more cautious, on the mere princi-  
 easily ples of prudence, in committing any  
 and one desperate wickedness. One circumstance  
 s face, which tended to fix the suspicion of the  
 while; fact on this man, was, that a child ac-  
 which cidentally mentioned having seen a cut-  
 l him cheese in his house the day after the rob-  
 and bery. Baker had lost a cut cheese; and  
 inion. it was well known the man had no cheese  
 honest in his house before. The other person  
 intern, too was suspected: but if either of them  
 ght he had been taken up, it would most proba-  
 out he bly, have discovered them both: for a  
 t's life knave cannot be depended on. And in-  
 deed it is probable, that both would  
 have been discovered, had it not been  
 for the old man's scruples.— I mention  
 all these circumstances, to shew, that in  
 fact, it requires more care, and caution,  
 to commit a wicked action, than most  
 men possess. It is indeed less difficult  
 to be industrious, and by that means to  
 make a wicked action unnecessary.

Notwithstanding however the old man  
 was thus so frequently preyed upon by  
 wicked people, he still continued to live

alone. As to any farther losses, he had one way, he said of preventing them, and that was, to keep nothing about him that was worth stealing. He fastened therefore the old bolt upon his door, and went to sleep in his lonely cottage as quietly, as if he had been in a castle.

Tho' he had now enough before him, he continued still to live with his usual frugality. Many of his neighbours thought he might have indulged his age a little more, as he had the means to do it; and as they themselves probably would have done in the same circumstances; by which they might have spent all they had laid up for their old age, not knowing how long God might have lengthened out their lives. He lived however as he had been accustomed to live, in the best of his days; for in many parts of his life he had been put to shifts. He had always good cheese in his house, and good bread, which was his common food. He used to brew also now and then a bushel of malt; so that he was seldom without a little cask of beer. His garden produced him



he had plenty of cabbages, which was the only plant he reared: and every year he bought at Lymington fair, a side of bacon; a bit of which he would, now and then, put into his pot with a cabbage. Fresh meat he never tasted; nor were butter, and tea, among his necessaries. On this provision he never had a days sickness; and even at those times, when his food was less nourishing, he was able to do every thing, to which the strength of man is equal.—What can the art of cookery do more?

He was now near eighty; his limbs began to fail; and he was subject to rheumatic pains, which seized his right leg; and made exercise very troublesome to him. Notwithstanding however this infirmity, and his living a mile from the church, he rarely missed taking a painful walk to it every Sunday. The weather must have been very bad to prevent him. And tho' he was now become very deaf, he did not think even that a reason for keeping from church.—What an example did he set to those, who, tho' in perfect health, instead of making

the sabbath a day for obtaining instruction, and begging God's blessing on the week, profane it by making it a day of pastime, and often a day of drinking and other wickedness.—He was constant also at the sacrament; which he always esteemed a part of his duty.

He was confined to his house about six weeks before he died. His illness was a mere decay of nature. His legs swelled; and his constitution was broken up. He now submitted to let somebody live in his cottage with him. He was pressed to send for a physician, as he had the means to pay him: but he was resolute against it. *If you could find me a doctor, said he, who would tell me at once, I can do you good—or I cannot do you good, I would send for him: but else, why should I send for a man to be paid for giving me physic, when I cannot take victuals?*—In short, he knew he was dying, and wished to die with as little molestation as he could.

He kept his bed about three days; and was sensible to the last. He was

instructed in considerable pain; but he bore it with  
 that firmness, and manliness, with  
 which he had supported all the hard du-  
 ties of a constant life of industry. He  
 died on the 15th day of May, 1791;  
 and desired that the 51st psalm might  
 be sung before his corpse, as he was car-  
 ried through the church-yard to his  
 grave. The thought was new: and the  
 decency and propriety of it had a good  
 effect.

On his death his effects amounted to  
 about four hundred pounds. That a  
 man, in the lowest station with a con-  
 stant attention to money, should in the  
 course of a long life, raise that sum, or  
 a greater, is not wonderful: but that a  
 man in the lowest station, should leave  
 such a sum behind him, after discharging  
 all the offices of life with uprightness,  
 and propriety, is such an example of an  
 independent spirit, and of the force of  
 industry, and frugality, as deserves to  
 be recorded for the benefit of others.  
 —The following inscription stands over  
 his grave in Boldre church yard.



Here  
 Rests from his labour  
 William Baker ;  
 Whose industry, and frugality.  
 Whose honesty, and piety,  
 Were long an example  
 To this parish.  
 He was born in 1710 ;  
 And died in 1791.

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THE CARPENTER;

OR, THE

DANGER OF EVIL COMPANY.

---

THERE was a young West-country man,  
A Carpenter by trade,  
A skilful wheel-wright too was he,  
And few such waggons made.

No man a tighter barn could build  
Throughout his native town;  
Thro' many a village round was he  
The best of workmen known.

His father left him what he had,  
In footh it was enough;  
His shining pewter, pots of brass,  
And all his household stuff.

A little cottage too he had,  
 For ease and comfort plann'd;  
 And that he might not lack for aught,  
 An acre of good land.

A pleasant orchard too there was  
 Before his cottage door;  
 Of cider and of corn likewise  
 He had a little store.

Active and healthy, stout and young,  
 No business wanted he;  
 Now tell me reader, if you can,  
 What man more blest could be?

To make his comfort quite complete,  
 He had a faithful wife;  
 Frugal and neat and good was she,  
 The blessing of his life.

Where is the lord, or where the squire,  
 Had greater cause to praise  
 The goodness of that bounteous hand,  
 Which blest his prosp'rous days?



Each night when he returned from work,  
 His wife so meek and mild,  
 His little supper gladly dress'd  
 While he carefs'd his child.

One blooming babe was all he had,  
 His only darling dear,  
 The object of their equal love,  
 The solace of their care.

O what could ruin such a life,  
 And spoil so fair a lot?  
 O what could change so kind a heart,  
 All goodness quite forgot?

With grief the cause I must relate,  
 The dismal cause reveal;  
 'Twas EVIL COMPANY and DRINK,  
 The source of every ill.

A Cooper came to live hard by,  
 Who did his fancy please;  
 An idle rambling man was he,  
 Who oft had cross'd the seas.

This man could tell a merry tale,  
 And sing a merry song;  
 And those who heard him sing or talk;  
 Ne'er thought the evening long.

But vain and vicious was the song,  
 And wicked was the tale;  
 And every pause he always fill'd,  
 With cider, gin, or ale.

Our Carpenter delighted much  
 To hear the Cooper talk;  
 And with him to the alehouse oft  
 Would take his evening walk.

At first he did not care to drink,  
 But only lik'd the fun;  
 But soon he from the Cooper learn'd  
 The same sad course to run.

He said the Cooper's company,  
 Was all for which he car'd;  
 But soon he drank as much as he,  
 To swear like him soon dar'd.

his hammer now neglected lay,  
 For work he little car'd;  
 talk; half finish'd wheels and broken tools  
 Were strew'd about his yard.

to get him to attend his work  
 No prayers could now prevail;  
 his hatchet and his plane forgot,  
 He never drove a nail.

his cheerful ev'nings now no more  
 With peace and plenty smil'd;  
 no more he sought his pleasing wife,  
 Nor hugg'd his smiling child.

or now his drunken nights alone  
 Were with the Cooper past;  
 d his days were at the Angel spent,  
 And still he stay'd the last.

o handsome Sunday suit was left,  
 Nor decent Holland shirt;  
 o nosegay mark'd the Sabbath-day,  
 But all was rags and dirt.



No more his church he did frequent,  
 A symptom ever sad;  
 Where once the Sunday is mispent,  
 The week-days must be bad.

The cottage mortgag'd for its worth;  
 The favorite orchard sold;  
 He soon began to feel th' effects  
 Of hunger and of cold.

The pewter dishes, one by one,  
 Were pawn'd till none was left;  
 And wife and babe at home remained  
 Of every help bereft.

By chance he call'd at home one night,  
 And in a furly mood,  
 He bade his weeping wife to get  
 Immediately some food.

His empty cupboard well he knew  
 Must needs be bare of bread;  
 No rasher on the rack he saw,  
 Whence could he then be fed?

ent, His \* wife a piteous sigh did heave  
 And then before him laid  
 A basket cover'd with a cloth,  
 But not a word she said.

th, Then to her husband gave a knife,  
 With many a silent tear;  
 In haste he tore the cover off,  
 And saw his child lie there.

ned "There lies thy babe, the mother said,  
 Oppress'd with famine sore;  
 O kill us both—'Twere kinder far,  
 We could not suffer more."

ight, The Carpenter, struck to the heart,  
 Fell on his knees straitway;  
 He wrung his hands—confess'd his sins,  
 And did both weep and pray.

From the same hour the Cooper more  
 He never would behold;  
 Nor would he to the alehouse go  
 Had it been pay'd with gold.

\* See Berquin's Gardener.

His wife forgave him all the past,  
 And sooth'd his sorrowing mind,  
 And much he griev'd that e'r he wrong'd  
 The worthiest of her kind.

By lab'ring hard, and working late,  
 By industry and pains,  
 His cottage was at length redeem'd  
 And sav'd were all his gains.

His fundays now at church were spent,  
 His home was his delight,  
 The following verse himself he made,  
 And read it every night.

*The drunkard murders child and wife,  
 Nor matters it a pin,  
 Whether he stabs them with his knife,  
 Or starves them with his gin.*



THE  
EXECUTION  
OF  
*WILD ROBERT;*  
BEING

A WARNING TO ALL PARENTS.



*WILD* Robert was a graceless youth,  
And bold in every sin;  
His early life with petty thefts  
His course he did begin.

But those who deal in lesser sins,  
In great will soon offend;  
And petty thefts, not check'd betimes,  
In murder soon may end.

And now, like any beast of prey,  
 Wild Robert shrunk from view,  
 Save when at eve on Bagshot heath  
 He met his hardened crew.

With this fierce crew Wild Robert then  
 On plunder set his mind; [night  
 And watch'd and prowld the live-long  
 To rob and slay mankind.

But God, whose vengeance never sleeps  
 Tho' he delays the blow,  
 Can in a single moment lay  
 The prosperous villain low.

One night, a fatal night indeed !  
 Within a neighb'ring wood,  
 A harmless passenger he robb'd,  
 And dy'd his hands in blood.

The direful deed perform'd, he went  
 To shew his golden spoils,  
 When vengeful Justice, unawares,  
 Surpris'd him in her toils,

Wild Robert seiz'd, at once was known,  
(No crape had hid his face)  
Imprison'd tried condemn'd to die!  
Soon run was Robert's race!

Since short the time the laws allow  
To murderers doom'd to die,  
How earnest should the suppliant wretch  
To Heaven for mercy cry!

But he, alas! no mercy sought,  
Tho' summon'd to his fate;  
The cart drew near the gallows tree,  
Where throng'd spectators wait.

Now as he pass'd no pious tongue  
Pour'd forth a pitying prayer;  
Abhorrence all who saw him felt,  
He, horror and despair.

And now the dismal death-bell toll'd,  
The fatal chord was hung,  
While sudden deep and dreadful shrieks,  
Burst forth amidst the throng.



Hark ! 'tis his mother's voice he hears  
Deep horror shakes his frame ;  
'Tis rage and fury fill his breast,  
Not pity, love, or shame.

" One moment hold !" the mother cries  
" His life one moment spare !  
" One kiss, my miserable child,  
" My Robert once so dear !

" Hence, cruel mother, hence," he said  
" Oh ! deaf to nature's cry ;  
" Your's is the fault I liv'd abhorr'd,  
" And unlamented die.

" You gave me life, but with it gave  
" What made that life a curse ;  
" My sins uncurb'd, my mind untaught  
" Soon grew from bad to worse.

" I thought that if I 'scap'd the stroke  
" Of man's avenging rod,  
" All would be well, and I might mock  
" The vengeful pow'r of God.

hears      y hands no honest trade were taught,  
"My tongue no pious pray'r;  
Uncheck'd I learnt to break the laws,  
"To pilfer, lie, and swear.

r cries      The Sabbath bell, that toll'd to church,  
"To me unheeded rung;  
God's holy name and word I curs'd  
"With my blaspheming tongue.

he fai      No mercy now your ruin'd child  
"Of heaven can dare implore,  
I mock'd at grace, and now I fear  
"My day of grace is o'er.


[son,  
gave      Blame not the law which dooms you  
;      "Compar'd with you 'tis mild;  
ntaugh      'Tis you have sentenc'd me to death,  
se.      "To hell have doom'd your child."

stroke      spoke, and fixing fast the cord,  
at mock      Resign'd his guilty breath;  
            Down at his feet his mother fell  
            By conscience struck with death.

Ye parents, taught by this sad tale,  
Avoid the path she trod ;  
And teach your sons in early years  
The fear and love of God.

So shall their days, tho' doom'd to toil,  
With peace and hope be blest ; [o'er  
And Heav'n, when life's short task is  
Receive their souls to rest.



 Next week will be published The History of the Beggarly Boy.



THE  
HISTORY OF THE  
BEGGARLY BOY.



PHILADELPHIA :

PRINTED BY B. & J. JOHNSON,

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1800.

[Price 4 Cents.]

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## The BEGGARLY BOY.

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ONCE on a time a poor beggarly boy, who used to carry matches about the streets, was met by a very rich and worthy Gentleman, who observing his hollow eyes, his fallow looks, and his bent body, as well as the extreme filth with which he was covered, was touched with such compassion for the wretch, that, he was disposed to render him some Effectual Relief; and accordingly the gentleman dropt a hint, that he had a mind to do something considerable for him. The boy, ne-



ver expecting any such goodness  
 this, and indeed not listening very  
 tentively, did not at first understand  
 what was said; upon which the gen-  
 tleman spoke more plainly to him  
 asking him whether he had a mind  
 to have his dirty rags exchanged for  
 a new livery coat and some clean  
 linen? "for," said he if you have  
 mind to it I will take you into my ser-  
 vice; and in that case I shall fit you  
 out afresh, and I shall take care  
 that your health is looked after, and  
 when you have served me faithfully  
 for a few years which you may do  
 very comfortably to yourself, I will  
 even set you up in life." The lad  
 after this could not help understanding  
 the offer! but he seemed as far as ever  
 from accepting it, for he was now  
 quite unwilling to believe the gentle-  
 man: and shewed by his manner that  
 he would have been better pleased  
 to have sold a halfpennyworth

nefs catches in his usual way, carrying off  
 every a halfpenny in his hand than to have  
 erlian and all the fine promises which the best  
 ne gen and richest man in the world could  
 o him make to him.

a min  
 ed for This kind gentleman however, per-  
 can lusting in his inclination to do the lad  
 have service, proceeded next to reason  
 ny sen with him: he advised him, for his  
 t you own sake, to listen a little more to  
 re all that was said, and then remarked to  
 , and him how ill he looked, which the boy,  
 hfully though very dangerously sick, was  
 ay do not sensible of himself; and repre-  
 I will sented to him the difference between  
 ad at leading the wretched sort of life he  
 nding did, and getting into a regular and  
 ever comfortable service. Nay, he went  
 now so far as even to beg and entreat him,  
 gentle at the same time observing that he  
 r that had no objection to the lad's satisfy-  
 eased ng himself that the person who ad-  
 r of dressed him was no cheat or impostor;

and, in proof of it, he told him his name, informed him how he might learn all particulars of his character and gave him a direction to his place of abode. In short he condescended to say every thing that could, in such a case be supposed necessary to give a poor boy confidence and encouragement. In the course of the conversation I should have observed that the gentleman, as a proof of his generosity, threw down a shilling, which the lad picked up, with very little gratitude in his countenance, but with no small conceit, at his own quickness and cleverness in seizing hold of it after which, he grew as proud as he could be of having got possession of the piece of money, not considering at all that it was a mere present, and that he had not given the gentleman a single match for it out of his basket.



I am persuaded my readers will, by this time, be aware that this was a lad who had a very mean and low mind; otherwise, he would undoubtedly have been overjoyed at such an opportunity of getting above his present base condition; besides which, I should remark, that he had been a long time living among a set of rogues, and vagabonds, who being one of them nearly as bad as another, and having seldom seen among them any persons of different character, had learnt to fancy themselves a very creditable sort of people, and, when they got together, were just as proud, in their way, as they had been the greatest lords and dukes in the kingdom. At night the lad went home, and slept among these old companions, in a vile unwholesome room, where, though each would affect now and then to be merry and gay, yet, in fact, they were all of them dying by inches, and in

( 8 )  
the judgment of any rational or feeling man, who might condescend to put his head in among them, the undoubtedly were altogether in a sorrowful and wretched a plight as could well be imagined.

In short then, with grief and pain do I speak it, this poor beggarly boy entirely neglected the prodigious offer which had been made to him: he returned to his former company, continued in his petty trade, and dragged on the little remainder of his life the old way, just as if nothing had happened.

I now propose, by means of the story, which is a mere allegory or parable, to expose the conduct of those persons, who are unwilling to comply with the gracious invitation of our Saviour, in his Gospel: for He is that kind and willing friend

with reverence be it spoken) who offers to take us mean and needy creatures into his service, and we, if we turn away, and refuse the offer, may be likened to this foolish beggar-boy, having nothing better to plead, as I think I shall be able to shew, than one or other of those very excuses, which when put in his mouth, have appeared so absurd and monstrous.

Let us see whether there is not some general likeness between the two cases. I will begin by supposing our behaviour, in his Gospel to address himself to a man who is quite thoughtless, and unbelieving. Now such persons are commonly much more wicked than they imagine, for by following their natural inclinations, and making no thought to their ways, they permit a thousand evil dispositions to grow upon them; the consequence of this is, that when the Gospel first



meets with such persons, it finds them quite covered over with wickedness as this boy was with dirt; though like him, they are unconscious of it. It commonly finds them also eagerly engaged in some poor pursuit of this life, as this boy was in selling matches.

I would next observe, that, in general, when the vast and unspeakable offers of the Gospel are first mentioned in the ears of such a person as I have been describing, his mind is so ill prepared for the subject, and his thoughts are apt to be so completely turned another way, that he probably does not understand, nor even listen to what is said to him; just like this boy, who, when he was first spoken to, refused to listen to the gentleman and continued to think of nothing but his common traffic.

But let us next suppose the man to  
 have the Gospel more clearly explain-  
 ed to him: he is now invited to put  
 off his sins, which have been repre-  
 sented by the filth and dirt, to enter  
 into the service, and put on, as it  
 were, the livery of Christ, as his  
 acknowledged servant, and after  
 spending the short period of his life  
 on earth in a state of comfortable and  
 willing obedience to his great Deli-  
 verer and Redeemer, he is then told  
 to expect that he shall be raised to  
 heaven, and that he shall be made hap-  
 py for ever and ever. How astonishing  
 is this proposal! What then is the  
 next difficulty? is this, that the  
 worldly man will not believe the  
 truth of the promise which is held  
 out to him: like the offer to this beg-  
 garly boy, it seems too good to be  
 true; or, rather, it is too vast to be  
 conceived by him. "Why should  
 this great gentleman trouble himself

to think of me, or to do so much to serve me," said the foolish boy in the fable. "Why should the great God stoop so low to me, or think of sending his Son from Heaven to save me," says the fool who disbelieves the Bible? The boy therefore turned again to his own way, notwithstanding the offer he had met with: and the worldly man is for doing the same though he has heard of the invitation of the Gospel; for he wants faith to trust in God, as the other did to trust the gentleman his benefactor and he therefore esteems the smallest of the good things of this life, the merest "halfpenny in hand," to be more than eternal happiness in expectation.

But let us see how the Gospel condescends even to our infirmity. The kind gentleman was represented as reasoning with this dull and distrustful



ad, informing him also of the steps which he ought to take, as the means of satisfying his doubts, and of getting possession at length, of the blessing. He appealed also to the lad's own experience of the hardships of his present condition, warning him also of his future danger, and assuring him, at the same time, of the mild nature of that service to which he was invited; and after answering every objection, the gentleman condescended even to implore and entreat this poor miserable fellow, that for his own sake, he would not remain inattentive to the offer.

So it is with the Gospel: it stoops as it were, to all our weaknesses and infirmities; it calls to us at the first, with an inviting voice, to come forward and approach it; for we are not expected to receive every truth at once; still less are we required to

believe without evidence : for in the propofals of the Gospel, every thing is fair, as well as plain and practicable. It does not ask us, for instance, to effect any thing without fufficient means for it, to make bricks without ftraw, to ftrive without hopes of fuccefs, or to do what is impoffible for us : On the contrary, we are asked only to fhew a willing mind, and to ufe thofe plain and fimple means which the Gospel itfelf fets before us : as for example, we are called upon to read the fcriptures, to attend upon the preaching of the Gospel, and whatever may be the other religious advantages, either of good books, or christian friends, which are put in our way we are required to make an honeft and diligent ufe of them, than which nothing furely can be more juft and reasonable ? and then, becaufe after all we are fo weak and help- lefs, we are only told the more parti-

ularly to pray to God for his grace  
to assist us.

Again, how does the Gospel also  
appeal to our experience, as the gen-  
tleman did to the beggarly boy's ex-  
perience of the misery of his condi-  
tion. Have we never smarted, in  
consequence of those sins which we  
have fallen into through our neglect  
of the Gospel? Have we never found  
ourselves afflicted, destitute, and even  
miserable for the want of it? Have we  
never known an hour when the mer-  
ciful help and protection of an hea-  
venly Father would have proved a  
comfort and a blessing to us? Yet  
how can we expect to enjoy this pro-  
tection in the time of our necessity,  
if instead of entering into his family,  
we chuse, like this helpless and incon-  
siderate boy, to place ourselves at a  
distance? Hear then how the Gospel  
calls to us to cast ourselves on the



care of our redeemer, "Come unto me, (says Christ) all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest; take my yoke upon you, for my yoke is easy and my burthen is light, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." How does our Saviour also, in the same manner as was said of the benevolent man in the parable, turn suppliant, as it were, to the sinner. "Ye will not come unto me, that ye might have light." "Why will ye die, O house of Israel." "We therefore (says the Apostle) as Embassadors for Christ, beseech you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." Thus then, if, after all the encouragements of the Gospel, we still turn away from it, and resolve to do without it, all the miserable consequences which will follow must be laid at our own door; and whenever the day of our extremity shall come, we shall be forced to own, that

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we are left like this boy entirely without excuse.

It has been remarked in the story, that the same gentleman who made his great offer to the beggarly boy, threw him down a shilling in token of his liberality, for which the lad never thought of thanking him but merely grew proud upon it, as well as conceited of his own cleverness in catching hold of the piece. What a very mean spirit was this! and yet is not this the very spirit in which worldly minded men receive the temporal blessings thrown down to them by their heavenly Father? If a little worldly wealth is cast by a bounteous Providence into their lap, they immediately grow haughty in consequence of it, and, like this boy, they take to themselves credit for the ability they have shewn in the manner of getting possession of it: Many men,

E f o

for instance, if they get a good crop to v  
or a good year's trade, are as full of way  
themselves, and as thoughtless of myf  
Him who is the giver of it, as this man  
boy was; nor are they at all encoura then  
ged by God's providential goodness the  
to look up to Him for the further tho  
blessings of the Gospel. er

Reader, if thou art thus vain o wh  
any of thine earthly goods, thou may art  
est behold thy likeness in this part er  
the character of the boy ! the  
con

We come now more particularly to as  
speak of the causes which lead men the  
to act the strange part they do in re the  
jecting the Gospel. I doubt not that  
this foolish lad might find a thousand  
plausible reasons in his own mind th  
by which he might disguise from him hi  
self the folly and absurdity of his w  
conduct. He might say, as it has is  
been already hinted, " I do not chuse li  
li



to venture on all this change in my way of life. I am afraid of giving myself up so entirely to the gentleman." Poor foolish fellow! what then hadst thou any thing to lose by the change? Could such a lad as thou wast be meaner, dirtier, or poorer than thou wast already? In like manner thou may say to every sinner, who raises a like objection; what then art thou fearful of becoming wicked-er than thou art, by entering into the service of Christ? Is it that thy conscience pricks thee in proportion as thou drawest nearer to him? Art thou afraid on this account to make the venture.

Or the lad might say perhaps, as the sinner is apt to say, I have lived hitherto in my present way of life, and why should I not go on in it? which is but saying, in other words, I have lived hitherto in dirt, or I have lived hitherto in sin, and why may I

not live on in it? than which there cannot be a more miserable reason, though I fear there is hardly a more common one.

But let us, I said, lay open the true cause. We have already observed, that this boy had long dwelt in the company of a sad set of vagabonds, who being very numerous, and one of them as bad as another, contrived to keep each other in countenance, so as to pass, forsooth, for very decent people. This is exactly the case with the multitude of wicked and worldly minded people. They live in great flocks together, they see none but those who are much like themselves, and they have no more idea of a truly christian life, than this boy had of the sort of life led in the family of this great gentleman; so that when the Gospel calls to them to repent, and change their course,

and enter into the service of Christ, they see no need for it, they are as good as their neighbours, and having no other rule of judging except this, they pronounce themselves to be well enough already. But I would wish such persons to reflect on the error of this boy, and to recollect, that many a coat which seems clean enough to a poor man, appears very dirty in the eyes of a delicate gentleman, and that, in like manner, many a life which a worldly man thinks innocent, appears to be a very wicked one in the eyes of a christian.

The grand cause of all, however, which makes men reject the Gospel, is one which must be traced still further. It was remarked of this boy, that he had no heart for the sort of benefit which was offered him, for that he had a very mean and low



mind: he had therefore, not merely fallen into bad company, but he had chosen it: he was not only used to dirt, but he really loved it, he had no delight in cleanliness, for his taste unhappily, lay quite the other way.

Now this, when it is considered will serve to explain very clearly the several circumstances in his conduct and it will also account very sufficiently for his entire refusal of the offer. His rudeness in not attending to the gentleman when he first called to him, as well as his continual absence of mind afterwards, his difficulty in believing any thing that could be said to him, his false reasoning upon it, his seeming dullness and ingratitude, and insensibility, as well as the bad choice which he made of his company, may all be traced, directly, or indirectly, to this principal cause—that the lad was a poor low-lived fellow.

erely low, that loved to grovel in the dirt,  
 had and had no kind of heart or inclinati-  
 ed to on to get into a good service.

And need we fear to remark, that  
 in this also the likeness holds, and  
 that we have here especially the ex-  
 act picture of the irreligious person.

It is often pleaded, by those who  
 would defend the characters of irrel-  
 igious people, that one man, for in-  
 stance, happens merely to be rather  
 inattentive to the Gospel; that ano-  
 ther is unfortunately drawn out of  
 the way of it by what is thought  
 an innocent attention to his worldly  
 business; a third gravely tells you  
 that he finds a difficulty in believing  
 it; a fourth contrives some way or  
 other to pervert it, so as to get no  
 good from it, and seems to have a  
 strange twist in his head whenever he  
 reasons upon it; a fifth is said to be

a man who is without those warm feelings, which are supposed to distinguish those who affectionately embrace it; and of a seventh perhaps it is said by some simple good-natured relation or acquaintance, that the man has a good heart indeed, but that unluckily he has fallen into bad company; but let it be remembered, that just thus it might be pleaded, that this beggarly boy was by turns inattentive and wrong-headed, and dull of feeling, as well as used to bad company. These excuses if allowed in the one instance should be allowed equally in the other. The true root of the matter in each case lies deeper. The irreligious man, like the boy in the parable, has, in the worst sense of the words, a base and low mind: like him, he has no heart for the great things that are offered him; he has no heart for the favor of God, for

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Yes



the honor of living in his service, for  
 the comforts of the Gospel in this  
 world, or for the gift of eternal life.  
 Like the beggarly boy, he may say  
 what he will, but he is of an earthly,  
 grovelling spirit, and the true expla-  
 nation of the whole matter is, that  
 as the one is inclined to dirt, so the  
 other has a leaning to the side of sin.  
 Do you think that if this beggarly  
 boy had loved cleanliness, and abomi-  
 nated every degree of dirt, he would  
 have remained as he was? no, un-  
 doubtedly he would have caught at  
 the opportunity offered him, and he  
 would, as it were, at all hazards have  
 run after the gentleman: so if a man  
 longs to be freed from sin, if he wish-  
 es above all things to cleanse his ways,  
 to purify himself even as God is pure,  
 and to become holy as God is holy,  
 do you think he will not catch at the  
 Gospel? undoubtedly he will do so.  
 Yes, for it will be suited in every

part to the state of his mind, and to all his wants and wishes, and therefore why should he not receive it? he will feel his way indeed, but he will by degrees heartily embrace every doctrine of it. This then is the man who will accept God for his father, Christ for his Saviour, the Holy Spirit for his Sanctifier and Comforter; the Scriptures will be his guide; the world will be no more to him than the place of his pilgrimage; his fellow Christians will be viewed by him as his fellow travellers, and Heaven will be his home, where he hopes to be joined to the Spirits of Just Men made perfect, and to dwell in the presence of his Maker, and of his Saviour, for ever and ever.

And now, Reader! if thou art one who hast hitherto been a stranger to religion, and hast gone thy dull and daily round without any thought of

and to the matter, for once thou hast been  
 here-met methinks on thy way like this  
 e it? Beggarly boy, by a voice of exhorta-  
 at he tion. Even in this little tale, the of-  
 eve-fer of the Gospel, perhaps rather un-  
 the expectedly, hath been held out to  
 is fa-thee, or some hint at least may have  
 Ho-been given, by which, if thou wilt  
 Com-attend to it, thou shalt assuredly find  
 his in the end that thy whole condition  
 ore to shall be altered: And yet, perhaps  
 age; like this beggarly boy, thou art now  
 ed by returning for the remainder of this  
 Hea-very day to thy old habits, just as if  
 hopes thou hadst not read this story. Some  
 Just business calls thee, or some pleasure  
 ell in waits thee, so farewell to all thought  
 and of of the Gospel, for thou must be gone.  
 —But methinks, as thou departest,  
 thy heart should approve of this beg-  
 rt one garly boy, should admire his wisdom,  
 ger to and praise the turn of his spirit, for  
 l and if thou goest away condemning him,  
 ht of thou condemnest thyself also.—Oh!



no: his case is too bad to be defended; for he, who in a worldly sense, *refuses a good offer*, is set down for a fool, by common consent of all men. But, ah! how few will be persuaded to use the same reasoning in religion, which they apply to all their worldly matters! how few will see with the same eyes, and try by the same rule, their temporal, and their eternal interests? so true is that saying of the scriptures, "that the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light."

# KING DYONYSIUS

A N D

## SQUIRE DAMOCLES;

A NEW SONG ON AN OLD STORY.

*Proper to be sung at all Feasts and Merry-makings.*

---

THERE was a heathen man, fir,  
Belonging to a king;  
And still it was his plan, fir,  
To covet every thing.

And if you don't believe me,  
I'll name him if you please,  
For let me not deceive ye,  
'Twas one Squire Damocles.

He thought that jolly living  
Must every joy afford,  
And knew of no misgiving,  
While round the festive board.

( 30 )  
He wanted to be great, fir,  
And feed on fare delicious;  
And have his feasts in state, fir,  
Just like King Dionysius.

The king, to cure his longing,  
Prepar'd a feast so fine,  
That all the court were thronging  
To see the courtier dine.

And there to tempt his eye, fir,  
Was fish, and flesh, and fowl;  
And when he was a dry, fir,  
He had a brimming bowl.

Nor did the king forbid him  
From drinking all he could;  
The monarch never chid him,  
But fill'd him with his food.

O, then, to see the pleasure  
Squire Damocles exprest!  
'Twas joy beyond all measure;  
Was ever man so blest?

With greedy eyes the Squire  
Devour'd each costly dainty;



You'd think he did aspire  
To eat as much as twenty.

But just as he prepar'd, fir,  
Of blifs to take his swing;  
O, how the man was scar'd, fir,  
By this so cruel king!

When he to eat intended,  
Lo! just above his head,  
He spied a sword suspended  
All by a single thread.

How did it change the feasting  
To wormwood and to gall,  
To think, while he was tasting,  
The pointed sword might fall.

Then in a moment's time, fir,  
He loath'd the luscious feast;  
And dreaded as a crime, fir,  
The brimming bowl to taste.

Now, if you're for applying  
The story I have told;  
I think there's no denying  
'Tis worth it's weight in gold.

Ye gay, who view this stranger,  
 And pity his sad case;  
 And think there was great danger  
 In such a fearful place;

Come let this awful truth  
 In all your mind's be stor'd;  
 To each intemperate youth  
 Death is that pointed sword.

And tho' you see no reason  
 To check your mirth at all;  
 In some sad drunken season  
 The sword may on you fall.

So learn, while at your ease  
 You drink down draughts delicious  
 To think of Damocles,  
 And old king Dionysius.



# TURN THE CARPET;

OR THE

## TWO WEAVERS.

IN A

DIALOGUE between DICK and JOHN.

---

AS at their work two Weavers sat,  
beguiling time with friendly chat;  
They touch'd upon the price of meat,  
so high, a Weaver scarce could eat.

What with my brats and sickly wife,  
Quoth Dick, ' I'm almost tir'd of life ;  
so hard my work, so poor my fare,  
Tis more than mortal man can bear.

How glorious is the rich man's state!  
His house so fine ! his wealth so great !  
Heaven is unjust you must agree,  
Why all to him ? why none to me ?



‘ In spite of what the scripture teaches  
 In spite of all the Parson preaches,  
 This world (indeed I’ve thought so long  
 Is rul’d, methinks, extremely wrong.

‘ Where’er I look, where’er I range,  
 ’Tis all confus’d, and hard, and strange  
 The good are troubled and oppress’d,  
 And all the wicked are the blest’d.’

Quoth John, ‘ our ign’rance is the cause  
 Why thus we blame our Maker’s laws  
*Part of his ways* alone we know,  
 ’Tis all that man can see below.

‘ See’st thou that Carpet, not half done  
 Which thou, dear Dick, hast well begun  
 Behold the wild confusion there,  
 So rude the mass it makes ne stare!

‘ A stranger, ign’rant of the trade,  
 Would say no meaning’s there convey’d  
 For where’s the middle, where’s the border?  
 der?

Thy carpet now is all disorder.’

Quoth Dick, ' my work is yet in bits,  
 But still in every part it fits ;  
 Besides, you reason like a lout,  
 Why, man, that *Carpet's inside out.*'

Says John, ' thou say'st the thing I mean,  
 And now I hope to cure thy spleen ;  
 This world, which clouds thy soul with  
 doubt,  
 Is but a *Carpet inside out.*

As when we view these shreds and ends,  
 We know not what the whole intends ;  
 So when on earth things look but odd,  
 They're working still some scheme of God.

No plan, no pattern can we trace,  
 All wants proportion, truth, and grace ;  
 The motley mixture we deride,  
 Nor see the beauteous upper side.

But when we reach that world of light,  
 And view those works of God aright ;  
 Then shall we see the whole design.  
 And own the workman is divine.

‘ What now seem random strokes, will  
there

All order and design appear;

Then shall we praise what here we spurn’d

For then the *Carpet shall be turn’d.*’


‘ Thour’t right,’ quoth Dick, ‘ no more  
I’ll grumble

That this sad world’s so strange a jumble

My impious doubts are put to flight,

For my own Carpet sets me right.’



 Next week will be published The Shopkeeper  
turned Sailor or, The Folly of going out of our  
Element.



THE *C. Chapin*  
HOPKEEPER turned SAILOR;

To which is prefixed,  
A TRUE STORY OF A  
*GOOD NEGRO WOMAN.*



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## TRUE STORY, &c.

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Lieutenant of a regiment in garrison at St. Christopher's died, left his son an orphan. A particular family had promised him on his death to take care of his boy, but he was suddenly abandoned, and forced to keep the negro children, and live on scraps as he could find.

In this state, he caught that loathsome disease called the Yaws, which became the reason for giving him up to his

In this condition BABAY, a poor woman, found him, took him into her hut, got him cured, and divided the food she had with him, till he was able to work for himself. The first money that he earned, went to purchase his freedom.



He was prosperous in the world, took her home to his house and as long as she lived afterwards, which might be upwards of forty years, treated her with the most respectful kindness. He gave her a very expensive burial, and had himself a funeral sermon preached over her. This sermon was delivered before people acquainted with her character, and mentioned such circumstances as I wish to remark, I shall give an extract of what was addressed to the slaves that attended her.

“ This good woman was like many of you a slave, and as such laboured under every disadvantage, which you might plead, for not doing her duty; yet, in this situation, she shewed in her conduct the noblest fruits of religion and charity. A helpless child, left an orphan in a remote country, far from relations, and without acquaintance to his family, abandoned by those who undertook to raise him, from her alone could raise up a man to engage attention, when left by all others to his own rank and colour, to perish in a noisome and noisome disease, though son to a

world, a friend of the Public, with whom every true lover of his Country should have sympathized. She alone lodged him, nursed him carefully, got him cured, and put him into a way to provide for himself.

Take notice this woman was a christian, and you will cease to wonder. This instance of generosity found in one of her condition, is a proof that noble and great actions are not, as many think, confined to advantages of birth and education, for she had nothing to direct her but GOD's grace working on a tractable heart, and this benevolent temper, shewed itself in every part of her behaviour through life, and was accompanied in her, with a true sense of religion; or to speak more truly, she was charitable because she was religious.

She was well instructed in what she ought to know, and believe, and always acted upon those christian principles she professed to believe. She always spoke on religious subjects, with an

earnestness, seriousness, and knowledge which I wish were more general than have found them among her better here then is a shining example of goodness, on your own level for your imitation. "If ye know these things, hap are ye if ye do them."

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SHOPKEEPER turned SAILOR;

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A TALE I tell whose first beginning  
May set some giddy folks a grinning;  
But only let it all unfold,  
A sadder tale was never told

Some people, who for years before,  
Had seldom pass'd their outer door,  
For once determin'd to be gay,  
And have one merry-making day.  
Agreed, "a sailing we will go:"  
Thus all was settled at a blow.  
With hats and bonnets duly ty'd,  
They bustle to the water-side;  
And as the women stem the gale,  
They seem already under sail:

Here, while we find them safe and sound  
 A sailing only on dry ground,  
 We'll take occasion to declare  
 Who all these merry people were.

First, there was John; a Trader he  
 Clever and smart as you shall see;  
 High on the shelf, in nice array,  
 His various wares and Patterns lay;  
 Call when you will the thing's at hand  
 And John is ever at his stand.  
 I grant, indeed, his price was high,  
 But then his shew-glass caught the eye  
 Besides, 'twas known and understood,  
 His things were all extremely good.  
 Walk in, and if you talk with John,  
 I warrant he will draw you on:  
 Not that he ventur'd on the sin,  
 Of taking any strangers in;  
 For John, dispute it he who can,  
 Was a plain, open, honest man;  
 You saw it written in his face;  
 And then he serv'd you with a grace;  
 With gentle air, and accent sweet,  
 Powder'd and dress'd so spruce and neat  
 And most obliging in his speeches,  
 Unnumber'd ribbons down he reaches;

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foun Presents before the Lady's view,  
 Each flow'ry edge, each beauteous hue,  
 Rolls and unrolls the slippery things,  
 And every finger has it wings;  
 Then waits, with rare command of face,  
 While Miss, in sad distressful case,  
 Puzzles, and frets, and doubts, between  
 A greenish blue, and blueish green.  
 At length each anxious mind is eas'd,  
 The bargain's struck, the Lady's pleas'd;  
 John humbly bows, then takes his flight  
 To write his bill as swift as light;  
 And ere the stranger's march'd away,  
 He next as sweetly asks for pay.  
 Yet if there enter'd one he knew,  
 John always gave the credit due;  
 Welcom'd the friend with joyful looks,  
 Yet clapp'd the debt into his books:  
 And tho' he begg'd the bill might wait,  
 'Twas sent at Christmas sure as fate.

At Christmas too (I tell his fame,  
 That traders all may do the same)  
 John calmly takes his books up stairs,  
 And balances his whole affairs;  
 Sees how his total credits stand,  
 And values all his stock in hand;



Then fairly puts on t'other side,  
 The debts he owes both far and wide  
 The diff'rence is the sum he s worth,  
 'Tis all he has this year on earth:  
 Compares it with the year before,  
 " 'Tis less than then"—" O, no; 't  
     more—"

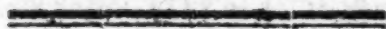
" 'Tis vastly more," he says with glee  
 " 'Tis right, 'Tis right, my books agree!

But who, except a trader's self,  
 Can paint these joys of growing pelf!  
 Or rather, to correct my song,  
 Who paint the pleasures that belong  
 To honest industry and thrift,  
 While God is thank'd for every gift!  
 Ah! foolish John, so blest at home,  
 What need hadst thou so far to roam?  
 Could thy new-fangled joys out-top  
 The hourly pleasures of thy shop:  
 Or if thy health an airing need,  
 And one grand holiday's decreed,  
 Couldst thou not go, to change the scene  
 And take a turn upon the green?  
 Ah! foolish John, from what strange  
     quarter  
 Could come this fancy for the water!

Well hast thou prosper'd while on shore,  
 There lab'ring nobly at the oar;  
 But if the wat'ry flood should ride thee,  
 Methinks some evil will betide thee:  
 And shouldst thou dare, when once afloat,  
 Thyself to *steer*, or row the boat,  
 The hour shall come—I see it nigh,  
 With my prophetic poet's eye,  
 When know, vain man, that thou shalt  
 smart,  
 And all thy glory shall depart.  
 Then hear, ye Britons, while I preach,  
 This is the truth I mean to teach—  
 That he who in his shop is bright,  
 And skill'd to keep his reck'ning right,  
 Who steers in the good middle way,  
 And gets some custom, and some pay,  
 Marks when sad Bankrupt times prevail,  
 And carefully draws in his fail,  
 Keeps watch, has all his lanterns out,  
 And sees the dangers round about;  
 Pushes his trade with wind and oar,  
 And still gets forward more and more.  
 This trader, skill'd as he may be,  
 On shore a man of high degree,  
 May prove a very dunce at sea.

Ah! foolish John, no thoughts like  
these

Once enter'd to disturb his ease ;  
Onward he goes, and thinks it grand,  
To quit the plain and simple land ;  
Leaves a good house of brick and mortar  
To try mere wood upon the water.



## PART II.

'T'WAS told you in a former lay,  
How on a luckless evil day,  
The trader John, a landsman brave,  
Left the dry ground to try the wave.

But here the Poet must rehearse,  
In soft, and sweet, and tender verse,  
How gentle Johnny had a wife,  
The joy and solace of his life,



The sharer of his griefs and cares,  
 Privy to all his great affairs ;  
 One who when ty'd in wedlock's noose  
 Had prov'd a helpmate fit for use ;  
 One whom he married—not for whim—  
 But who could keep his house in trim ;  
 No high-flown Miss, or belle, or beauty,  
 A simple girl that knew her duty ;  
 Had well obey'd her father, mother,  
 And counsell'd well her younger brother ;  
 Healthy when young, and rather stout ;  
 Moral ?—nay, more, she was devout ;  
 And now a Christian quite at heart,  
 She carefully fulfills her part,  
 Well skill'd alike her house to guide,  
 And serve the shop at Johnny's side.  
 See now she works to help the trade,  
 And now instructs her under maid.  
 But 'tis her chief and special care,  
 Her husband's daily toil to spare,  
 When sick, or weary and oppress'd,  
 To ease the troubles of his breast,  
 To sooth his sorrows, calm his fears,  
 And help him thro' this vale of tears ;  
 Remind him where his treasure lies,  
 And point to realms above the skies,

Where, when this shifting scene is o'er,  
 The faithful meet to part no more.  
 Now twenty summers, or above,  
 Have glided by and prov'd her love;  
 And tho' they may have marr'd her face,  
 Have ripen'd many a Christian grace:  
 Hence it may now be fairly guess'd,  
 Her latest days shall be her best.  
 John knows her worth, and now-a-days,  
 He grows quite eager in her praise;  
 For ev'ry calling friend is told,  
 " My wife is worth her weight in gold."

To this blest couple there was born,  
 One daughter cheerful as the morn;  
 A maiden she of spotless fame,  
 E'en in her mirth quite clear from blame.  
 Train'd in Religion's " narrow way,"  
 Her mind untainted by a play,  
 She hates your giddy glitt'ring scenes,  
 Tho' long since enter'd on her teens;  
 Sees all things in a proper light,  
 And vice quite puts her in a fright;  
 Prompt and obedient from a child,  
 Obliging, humble, meek, and mild;  
 Still, before strangers, as a mouse;  
 Yet vastly useful in the house;

o'er, Toils for the shop, tho' feldom feen ;  
 —Ah !—there ſhe fits behind the ſcreen ;  
 There, like ſome flower both ſweet and  
           gay,  
 She ſhuns as yet the blaze of day ;  
 (Well does her praife adorn my tale)  
 A new-blown lily of the vale.

Now ſhould perchance ſome fool draw  
           near,  
 And get to whiſper in her ear,  
 Of plays, and balls, and fairs, and races,  
 Fine midnight routs, and public places,  
 And wonder how ſhe can endure,  
 A life ſo uſeful, and ſo pure—  
 Extol her form, her piercing eyes,  
 And tell a hundred flatt'ring lies ;  
 —While the ſweet praife he thinks ſhe  
           ſips,  
 The tortur'd maiden bites her lips ;  
 Thinks his fine flatt'ry mere pretence,  
 And longs to tell him to talk ſenſe ;  
 Yet dreads to take the dunce in hand,  
 Left he ſhould ſtill not underſtand.  
 But ſhould he let his *vice* peep out,  
 The meek-ey'd girl can then turn ſtout ;



For once ('tis said) in terms direct,  
A spruce and saucy spark she check'd;  
(She grew so solemn in her speeches,  
The bucks gave out that "Nancy preach-  
es")

And once put on the sweetest air,  
And begg'd a carman not to swear.  
Thus while she spends her peaceful days,  
Her parent's care she well repays;  
Honours her father, loves her mother,  
She'll prove, methinks, just such another;  
And tho' scarce seen, except at church,  
The men won't leave her in the lurch;  
Some honest Christian man she'll strike,  
No buck or blood—for like loves like.

Next in my song, of equal fame,  
Comes a good honest antient dame;  
John's mother—with no fault but one—  
I mean—she doated on her son;  
For when her own dear spouse was gone,  
Her whole affections fell to John;  
'Twas then the widow's age so great,  
Her prospects small, her income strait,  
That Johnny weigh'd the matter well,  
And took her to his home to dwell:

No cost or trouble did he grudge,  
 For John had rightly learn'd to judge,  
 That people, once of little fame,  
 But now of high and mighty name,  
 Oft owe the glory of their station,  
 To the mere help of Education.

Quoth he—Were all men good and true,  
 Their wealth, methinks, might half be  
                   due,

To some good dame, who now is found,  
 Quite thrust upon the mere back ground:  
 Besides (he added, half in tears) }  
 A child is always in arrears,  
 In debt, alas! o'er head and ears. }

Oh, with what joy, what thanks and  
                   praise,

To the great length'ner of her days;  
 What feelings, not to be outdone,  
 Tow'rd's her dear John, her only son,  
 Did the good parent take her station,  
 And kindly own the obligation!  
 And now his tendernefs she pays,  
 By helping in a thousand ways.  
 Deck'd in her best, she comes in view,  
 And serves the shop from twelve to two;

Knows not each price, perhaps, quite pat,  
 Yet keeps the croud in civil chat,  
 Till John himself comes up to sell  
 A yard of lutestring, or an ell :  
 Next to the cook her aid she brings,  
 And does a hundred little things ;  
 Loves her own self to lay the cloth,  
 To dress the fallad, skim the broth :  
 At shelling peas is quick and nimble,  
 Tho' now grown tardy with her thimble ;  
 And always puts you quite at ease,  
 Walks out, and leaves you, if you please :  
 Plain as she seems, has much good sense,  
 And hence she never takes offence ;  
 And all agree, for all are lenient,  
 The good old Lady's quite convenient.  
 Yet let me add, if things go wrong,  
 Madam soon shews her fears are strong ;  
 And then she gives a certain spice  
 Of plain and downright good advice ;  
 Talks in a most convincing tone,  
 Of what *she's* seen, and what *she's*  
     known ;  
 And in a way that vastly wins,  
 Will warn you of her own past sins :  
 Tranquil at eve, in elbow chair,  
 Tells what her former follies were ;



Recounts her dangers, nice escapes,  
 Sad sufferings once, and aukward  
 scrapes;

And while she paints her varied life,  
 Adds wisdom e'en to Johnny's wife :  
 John, warn'd of her, each matter weighs,  
 And Nancy trembles and obeys.

Thus, some old seaman, once so brave,  
 And buffeted by wind and wave,  
 Of the rude seas too long the sport,  
 Enters at length some peaceful port ;  
 Rejoices now no more to roam,  
 Yet acts as pilot nearer home.

## PART III.

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LONG has the Muse her tale delay'd  
 Has stopp'd to talk of Johnny's trade;  
 Wife daughter, mother too, of John,  
 And quite forgot to travel on.  
 Long has the Muse with trembling fear  
 View'd the sad scene that now is near;  
 Hung back, indeed, from very fright,  
 And shrunk and started at the sight.  
 As the tall steed, if he should spy  
 Some unknown form of danger nigh,  
 Starts from his path, his eye-balls glare,  
 His feet fly prancing in the air,  
 Round on the spot, and round he wheels  
 Upright upon his mere hind heels;  
 So have we started at the view  
 Of what our John is now to do,

Have gaily frisk'd it round and round,  
Nor gain'd as yet an inch of ground.

Come, gentle Muse, the tale declare,  
Sing how this bold advent'rous pair,  
With mother brave, and willing daughter,

March'd to the borders of the water.  
Sing how they trod the beach so steep,  
Gaz'd at the wonders of the deep,  
And stopt to view, as in a trance,  
The awful ocean's vast expanse;  
Then gaz'd at ev'ry passing boat,  
Till they quite long'd to get on float,  
The boatmen, as they cross the Strand,  
Spring from an alehouse just at hand;  
All on the party down they burst,  
And each is sure that he was first.  
Oh! how they press and fill the ground,  
And push and elbow all around!  
Each to a Lady makes his suit,  
Till Nancy starts, as at a brute:  
While prudent Johnny, marching down,  
Hires a snug boat for half a crown,  
Of smaller size, but stiff and tight,  
And having seen that all is right,



Rallies his daughter, claims his wife,  
Burst through the croud and ends the  
strife.

And now with self-complacent grin,  
The favour'd boatmen hands them in ;  
But first he plants, as is his rule,  
On the wave's edge his little stool,  
And while he begs them to take care,  
Presents his elbow high in air.  
All in they stept, all down they sat ;  
All safe, all even, and all flat :  
The boatmen pushes off the boat ;  
Was e'er such treasure all afloat !  
And now amid the sun's bright gleam,  
See how they cut the silver stream !  
See how the breeze begins to play !  
See how it wafts them far away !

Scarce had the party left the shore,  
When Ruffman longs to spare his oar,  
Points to the bench where lies a sail,  
And begs to profit by the gale.  
At first the boatman's words appal,  
And all the female faces fall ;  
And madam bets ten thousand pound,  
This instant we shall all be drown'd.

Mean time old Ruffman, with a sneer,  
 Forbids each vain and silly fear ;  
 Talks of the seas that he hath cross'd,  
 Beaten, and blown, and tempest tofs'd ;  
 Tells of his dangers now no more,  
 While a green youth in days of yore,  
 Of feats perform'd by way of fun,  
 And boasts of matches he has won :  
 Then drops his tone, and quite allays  
 All the new fears he seem'd to raise ;  
 Pleads his great care, asserts his skill,  
 Begs each dear Lady'll dread no ill ;  
 For if he keeps the rope in hand,  
 The water's just as safe as land.

Thus all objections down he beat,  
 And now the awful sail is set ;  
 Ah how ! how they plough the whit'ning  
     seas,  
 So fine, so glorious is the breeze ;  
 How fresh and cooling too the air,  
 While the sail shades them from the glare ;  
 The boatmen, who a while before  
 Sat coatless, heated at the oar,  
 Now lolls his ease, observes the wind,  
 Steers with one careful hand behind ;

While his right fist holds hard the sail,  
 Resists or humours well the gale ;  
 Then half-appearing to turn back,  
 At once he stops and makes a tak ;  
 Points at the distant land once more,  
 And seems to run you right ashore ;  
 But ere he lets you quite touch ground,  
 Again he spins his vessel round,  
 And shifts across, with skill so nice,  
 The flutt'ring canvas in a trice ;  
 Scuds o'er the spacious seas again ;  
 Again he plows the mighty main ;  
 Again the less'ning shore retires,  
 Woods, hills depart, and distant spires ;  
 While the bright sun, yon clouds between,  
 Shines forth and gilds the glorious scene.

The party, eas'd of all their fright,  
 Gaze round and round with sweet delight ;  
 Praise with one voice both land and  
     seas,

And now they languish for a breeze ;  
 Dread lest the slack'ning wind should  
     fail,

And welcome every growing gale :  
 Swift o'er the swelling waves they fly,  
 And pleasure beams in every eye.



But, ah ! how oft with genial fun,  
 While the gay course of life we run,  
 And fancy as we taste the treat,  
 Our human bliss is now complete :  
 How oft in that same favour'd hour,  
 Does the whole sky begin to lour !  
 The cheering sun-shine's pass'd away,  
 There comes a dreary doleful day :  
 Afflictions gather like a cloud ;  
 The swelling tempest roars aloud ;  
 While from yon threat'ning heav'ns so  
     dark,  
 It thunders round our little bark :  
 Unskill'd to struggle thro' the breeze,  
 We toss in new and troubl'd seas,  
 And life's gay morning all so bright,  
 Ends in some woeful tale at night.

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PART IV.

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COME, mournful Muse, and now relate  
The awful change in Johnny's fate,  
And while the doleful song is sung,  
Tell from what cause the ruin sprung.

Cool'd by the breeze, and half undrest,  
The rough gale blust'ring round his  
    breast,  
Robb'd of the sun's bright noon-tide ray,  
And oft besprinkled by the spray,  
Forth from yon bottom of the boat  
Old Ruffman lugs his sailor's coat,

And while he casts the jacket on,  
Leaves rope and rudder all to John.  
Ah ! now begins the tragic tale,  
For now the landsmen holds the sail !  
He fees around the watery realm,  
Yet goes and seizes on the helm ;  
And seated just in Ruffman's place,  
Shews his cock'd hat and tradesman's  
face :

And now, without one sailing art,  
E'en simple Nancy bears a part ;  
Sits playful by her father's side,  
And light and gay, and merry-ey'd,  
Holds with that hand that held a fan,  
Rude ropes, as if she were a man,  
While idle Ruffman, freed from care,  
Half sleeping earns his easy fare.  
—But hark ! from yonder distant shore,  
Did you not hear the thunder roar ?  
See ! See ! the vivid light'nings play,  
And the dark cloud deforms the day :  
Now too there comes the whistling  
breeze,

And sweeps the rudely swelling seas ;  
Fill's with one blast the sail so full,  
Wife, mother, daughter, help to pull.



Now sailors, if it seems to blow,  
 For safety let the canvas go;  
 But women, not like passive men,  
 In vengeance always pull again.  
 Besides, as each her strength apply'd,  
 Each crouded on the leeward side;  
 And though a lady's like a feather,  
 E'en feathers weigh when heap'd together.

Fierce blows the whirlwind, and o'er  
 course  
 The ladies double all their force;  
 Each pulls and strains, and tugs and  
 strives,  
 Like people pulling for their lives;  
 John, honest landmen! simply lets them  
 Fear lends them strength, and oversets  
 them.

Fain would I urge the frightened Muse  
 To paint the scene which next ensues—  
 To tell how Ruffman, rous'd from sleep  
 Fell headlong down amid the deep;  
 Then mounting, ey'd the distant shore,  
 How Nancy sunk to rise no more—

But ah ! we'll leave it quite alone,  
 'Twould break methinks a heart of stone.  
 —Plung'd in the deep, half lost in death,  
 Struggling and panting hard for breath;  
 John thought to struggle now no more,  
 When his hand lights upon an oar ;  
 His chin uplifted o'er the wave,  
 He thus escapes a watery grave ;  
 Saves, hardly saves his wretched life—  
 Bereft of mother, daughter, wife !  
 Thus dearly for his fault he pays ;  
 Henceforth a mourner all his days.

Here ends the tale—My friends arise  
 And wipe, I pray, your weeping eyes :  
 My fable—did you think it true ?  
 Was fram'd in fact to picture you ;  
 So next I'll preach to all the nation ;  
 And first, ye sons of Innovation !

Muse When Britons, wearied with their lot,  
 Grow wild to get they know not what,  
 And quit, through love of revolution,  
 Our good old English Constitution ;  
 When Frenchmen lead the mazy dance  
 And Britons ape fantastic France ;  
 Methinks, like Johnny once so brave,  
 They're leaving land to try the wave ;

They're quitting ancient house and home  
Mid the wild winds and seas to roam.

When cobblers meet in grand debate,  
And little folks feel vastly great ;  
When each forsooth would quit his station,  
And Jack and Will would rule the nation,  
Methinks we're then in evil case—  
Here's Johnny perch'd in Ruffman's  
place.

When women too make free to mix,  
Send try their hand in politics,  
Set England right while drinking tea,  
And shew how all things ought to be ;  
Reprove, pass sentence, or acquit,  
And talk as grand as Fox or Pitt ;  
Such ladies never mend my hopes—  
Here Nancy's handling all the ropes.

When Parker rules as grand dictator  
And each Jack Tar's a legislator ;  
When seamen sit like kings in state,  
While Lords come down and captain  
wait :

Again, I say, tis just the case  
Of Johnny perch'd in Ruffman's place



home, Help! Britons, help! we sink, we drown!  
am. They've turn'd our vessel upside down.

bate, When some raw lad, with jockey face,  
Has gain'd five thousand at a race,  
tation, And flush'd with joy, resolves to stand  
nation, For some vile borough, purse in hand :  
— Rains ribbons round him, half for fun,  
man's At once bids all the barrels run,  
Drinks his poor dull opponent down,  
And at one onset storms the town ;  
mix, Then pays with honour half his debts,  
And off he flies to mind his bets ;

g tea, Loses at next Newmarket stand,  
be ; Stocks, money, horses, house and land ;  
, With jockey speed runs up to town,  
; Votes some great question, and runs  
s— down ;

pes. Grows now a red hot party prater,  
And call's himself a legislator.  
dictato — Why this, I'd tell him to his face,  
; Is Johnny perch'd in Ruffman's place.

te, When College Youths, well vers'd  
captain in vice,

place Turn all so reverend in a trice,

From deacon duly rise to priest,  
 Then run to play, to ball, to feast,  
 Give their poor flocks no christian light,  
 While Paine must set our morals right :  
 Indeed, indeed, it makes me fret,  
 For then the church is overfet ;  
 But should these heads some pulpit grace,  
 Why then 'tis John in Ruffman's place.

When hair-brain'd Quacks, without  
 degree,  
 Presume to take the doctors fee ;  
 Cure all disorders every day,  
 In some safe, easy, simple way ;  
 Colds and catarrhs, all aching pain,  
 Consumption, fever in the brain ;  
 All nervous maladies to boot,  
 With some soft syrup or new root,  
 —Oh ! dunces, tell them not your case,  
 'Tis Johnny perch'd in Ruffman's place.

When men of rank and talents rare,  
 Make some fine stud their only care,  
 Though form'd to rule and guide the  
 land,  
 Love better guiding four in hand,

Pass in the stable half their lives,  
 Are more with Will than with their  
 wives ;  
 Or when my lady quite descends  
 And turns her servants into friends,  
 Of all her equals seems afraid,  
 And whispers secrets to her maid :  
 With Betty dwells on this and that,  
 And dearly loves some kitchen chat.—  
 —When servants too get much too smart,  
 And each must act the master's part ;  
 Just like their master when they dine,  
 Sit long, eat venison, and drink wine ;  
 When footmen get above their place,  
 And butlers shew their lordly face ;  
 When Betty too disdains her pattens,  
 And flaunts about in silks and sattins ;  
 Or should she find the fashion varies,  
 Then follows all the new vagaries,  
 Adopts at once my lady's taste,  
 And scarce can bear an inch of waist ;  
 Has ear-rings, just the self-same pair,  
 Winds the same turban round her hair ;  
 Copies in each part my lady quite,  
 And trips in muslins just as white ;  
 When such, alas ! is all the case,  
 'Tis Johnny got in Ruffman's place.



Again, when wives have got victo-  
rious,

And the poor husband sneaks inglorious,  
When John is gentle, Jenny coarse,  
And the grey mare's the better horse ;  
Or when you children have your ways,  
And strange to tell, papa obeys !  
When things are manag'd all so ill  
That little Tommy says, " I will ;"  
Or lastly, let me tell you when—  
When men turn women, women men,  
Men hate of all things to be rash,  
And women, meek-eye'd women, dash  
Men down their forehead, draw their  
locks,

And women shew their colour'd clocks  
Discard their shame, forget their sex,  
And chuse to open all their necks :  
When such again is all the case,  
'Tis Johnny got in Ruffman's place.

Oh ! would ye stop the nation's fall  
Then every cobbler mind your awl ;  
You labouring lads push home your  
spade ;  
Ye trading Johnnies mind your trade ;

victo. seamen haul and don't debate ;  
 tch statemen well the helm of state :  
 rious, clergy mind your awful part,  
 e, s your's to turn the nation's heart ;  
 fe ; ep parents to the good old way,  
 ways, d make your children all obey ;  
 im not ye wives the chief command,  
 ll ep back ye Nancies of the land  
 " t women ne'er be over ready,  
 u'll trim the boat by sitting steady :  
 men, ructed thus by Johnny's case,  
 ev'ry person mind his place.

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# A N H Y M N

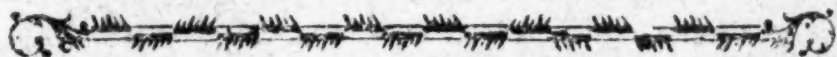
## *On the Second Coming of Christ.*


LO! He comes with clouds descending  
He that was for sinners slain;  
While the host of Saints attending  
Swell the triumph of his train?

Every eye shall now behold him;  
Every creature bend the knee:  
They that mock'd him too and fold his  
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree.

See, the Angels all adore him!  
Hark the trump proclaims the day!  
All the nations stand before him,  
Heaven and earth are fled away!

Come, thou Saviour long expected,  
Sit on thine eternal throne!  
Thou that wast by man rejected,  
Claim the kingdom for thine own.



 Next week will be published *The Guinea*  
the shilling, to which is prefixed *Patient Joe*.